

For my Money

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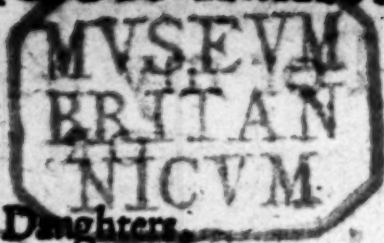
A pleasant Comedy, called,

A Woman will have her Will



Imprinted at London by W. White,
dwelling in Cow-lane, 1681.

The Actors names.



Pisaro, a Portugale.

Laurentia,

Marina,

Mathea,

} Pisaros Daughters.

Anthony, a Schoolemaister to them.

Harnie,

Ferdinand, or Heigham,

Ned, or Walgrane,

} Suters to Pisaros Daughters.

Delion, a Frenchman,

Alvaro, an Italian,

Vandalle, a Dutchman,

} Suters also to the 3. daughters.

Frisco a Clowne, Pisaros man.

M. Moore.


Towersen a Marshant.

Balsaro,

Browne a Clothier

A Post.

A Belman.



Enter PISARO.

Pisaro.

How smugge this gray-eyde Morning seems to bee,
A pleasant fight; but yet more pleasure haue I
To thinke vpon this moyfning South-west Winde,
That driues my laden Shippes from fertile Spaine:
But come what will, no Winde can come amisse,
For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,
And blowes about this ayerie Region;
Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them:
Whose wealthy fraughts doe make *Pisaro* rich:
Thus euery Soyle to mee is naturall:
Indeed by birth, I am a *Portingale*,
Who driuen by Westerne winds on *English* shore,
Heere liking of the soyle, I married,
And haue Three Daughters: But impartiall Death
Long since, depriude mee of her dearest life:
Since whose discease, in *London* I haue dwelt:
And by the sweete loude trade of *Usurie*,
Letting for Interest, and on *Morgages*,
Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen
By my extortion comes to miserie:
Amongst the rest, three *English* Gentlemen,
Haue pawde to mee their Livings and their Lands:
Each seuerall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,
By mariage of my Daughters, to possesse
Their Patrimonies and their Landes againe:
But Gold is sweete, and they deceiue them-selues;
For though I guild my Temples with a smile,
It is but *Judas*-like, to worke their endes.

A 2

But



Lawr. Now Maister, what intend you to read to vs?

Anth. *Pisaro* your Father would haue me read morall *Philosophy*.
Mari. What's that?

Anth. First tell mee how you like it?

Mari. First tell vs what it is.

Pisaro. They be my Daughters and their Schoole-maister.
Pisaro. not a word, but list then talke.

Anth. Gentlewomen, to praise *Philosophy*,
Is to present youth with so lowre a dish,
As their abhorring stomackes will digestes.
When first my mother *Oxford* (*Englands* pride)
Fostred mee puple-like, with her rich store,
My study was to read *Philosophy*.
But since, my head-strong youths vnbridled will,
Scorning the leaden fetters of restraint,
Hath prunde my feakers to a higher pitch.
Gentlewomen, Morall *Philosophy* is a kind of art,
The most contrary to your tender sexes;
It teacheth to be graue: and on that brow,
Where Beawtie in her rarest glory shines,
Plants the sad semblance of decayed age:
Those Weedes that with their riches should adorne,
And grace faire Natures curious workmanship,
Must be conuerted to a blakke fat'd vayne,
Griefes linerie, and Sorrowes semblance:
Your food must be your hearts abundant sighes,
Steep'd in the brinish liequor of your teares;
Day-light as darke-night, darke-night spent in prayer,
Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,
The recreation of your tired spirits:
Gentlewomen, if you can like this modestie,
Then will I read to you *Philosophy*.

Lawr

Law. Not I.

Mari. Fie vpon it.

Math. Hang vpon *Philosophy*, Ile none of it.

Pisar. A Tutor said I, a Tutor for the Diuell.

Anth. No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd
To read a Lector of more pleasing worth.

Marina, read these lines, young *Harvie* sent them,
There euery line repugnes *Philosophy*:
Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.

Laurentia, this is thine from *Ferdinando*:
Thinke euery golden circle that thou see'st,
The rich vnuallued circle of his worthe.

Mathea, with these Gloues thy *Ned* salutes thee,
As often as these, hide these from the Sunne,
And Wanton steales a kisse from thy faire hand,
Presents his seruiceable true harts zeale,
Which waites vpon the censure of thy doome:

What though their Lands be morgag'd to your Father,
Yet may your Dowries redeeme that debt:

Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they Loue;
And be that thought, their true lones aduocate.

Say you should wed for Wealth, for to that scope
Your Fathers greedy disposition tendes,

The world would say, that you were had for Wealth,
And so faire Beawties honour quite distinct:

A masse of Wealth being powrd vpon another,
Little augments the shew, although the summe;
But beeing lightly scattred by it selfe,

It doubles what it seem'd, although but one:

Euen so your selues, for wedded to the Rich,

His stile was as it was, a Rich man still:

But wedding these, to wed true Loue, is dutie:

You make them rich in Wealth, but more in Beawtie:

I need not plead that smile, that smile shewes hearts con-

That kisse shew'd loue, that on that gift was lent: (sent,

And last thing Eyes, that teares of true ioy sendes,

English-men for my money: or,

As comfortable tidings for my friends. (procure,

Mari. Haue done, haue done; what need'st thou more
When long ere this I stoop'd to that faire lure:

Thy euer louing *Harnie* I delight it:

Marina euer louing shall requite it young.

Teach vs *Philosophy*? Ile be no *Nunne*;

Age scornes Delight, I loue it being:

There's not a word of this, not a words part,

But shall be stamp'd, seal'd, printed on my heart;

On this Ile read, on this my senses ply:

All Arts being vaine, but this *Philosophy*.

Laur. Why was I made a Mayde, but for a Man?

And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand*?

The chasteft Soule these Angels could intice?

Much more himselfe, an Angell of more price:

were't thy selfe present, as my heart could wish,

Such vsage thou shouldst haue, as I giue this.

Anth. Then you would kisse him?

Laur. If I did, how then?

Anth. Nay I say nothing to it, but *Amen*.

Pisa. The Clarke must haue his fees, Ile pay you them.

Math. Good God, how abieft is this single life,

Ile not abide it; Eather, Friends, nor Kin,

Shall once disswade me from affecting:

A man's a man; and *Ned* is more then one:

Ysayth Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none;

Doe what they can, chafe, chide, or storme their fill,

Mathea is resolu'd to haue her will.

Pisa. I can no longer hold my patience.

Impudent villanie, and laciuous Girles,

I haue ore-heard your vild conuersions:

You scorne *Philosophy*: You'le be no *Nunne*,

You must needes kisse the Purse, because he sent it.

And you forsooth, you flurgill, minion,

A brat scant folded in the dozens at most,

Youle haue your will forsooth; What will you haue?

Math.

A Woman will haue her will.

Maib. But twelue yeare old may Father that's not so,
Our Sexton told mee I was three yeares mo.

Pisa. I say butt twelue: you'r best tell mee I lye.
What sirra *Anthony.*

Anth. Heere sir.

Pisa. Come here sir, & you light huswiues get you in:
Stare not vpon me, moue me not to ire: *Exeunt sisters.*

Nay sirra stay you here, Ile talke with you:

Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my house,

Gaue thee a stipend twenty Markes by yeare,

And hast thou thus infected my three Girles,

Vrging the loue of those, I most abhord,

Vnthrifts, Beggers; what is worse,

And all because they are your Country-men?

Anth. Why sir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants
Booke, or cast accompt: yet to a word much like that
word Accounte.

Pisa. A Knaue past grace, is past recouerie.

Why sirra *Frisco*, Villaine, Loggerhead, where art thou?

Enter Frisco, the Clowne.

Frisco. Heere's a calling indeed; a man were better to
liue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a Seruing creature,
and neuer be idle. Oh Maister, what a messe of Brewesse
standes now vpon the poynt of spoyling by your hasti-
nesse; why they were able to haue got a good Stomacke
with child euen with the fight of them; and for a Vapour,
oh precious Vapour, let but a Wenche come nere them
with a Painted face, and you should see the Paint drop and
curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Essex Cheese
toasted at the fire.

Pisa. Well sirra, leaue this thought, & minde my words,
Giue diligence, inquire about

For one that is expert in Languages,

A good Musitian, and a *French-man* borise;

And bring him hither to instruct my Daughters,

Ile nere trust more a smooth-fac'd *English-man*.

Frisco. What, must I bring one that can speake *Langua-*
ges,

English-men for my money: or,

ges? what an old Ass is my Maister, why he may speake
flaunte taunte as well as French, for I cannot vnderstand him.

Pisa. If he speake French, thus he will say, *Avec vous:*
What, canst thou remember it?

Frisco. Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great
Grandfathers Grandmothers sisters coosen told mee, that
Pigges and French-men, speake one Language, *avec vous;* I
am Dogg at this: But what must he speake else?

Pisa. Dutch.

Frisco. Let's heare it?

Pisa. *Haunce butterkin slowpin.*

Frisco. Oh this is nothing, for I can speake perfect Dutch
when I list.

Pisa. Can you, I pray let's heare some?

Frisco. Nay I must haue my mouth full of Meate first,
and then you shall heare me grumble it forth full mouth,
as *Haunce Butterkin slowpin frokin:* No, I am a simple Dutch-
man: Well, Ile about it.

Pisa. Stay firra, you are too hastie; for hee must speake
one Language more.

Frisco. More Languages? I trust he shall haue Tongues
enough for one mouth: But what is the third?

Pisa. Italian.

Frisco. Why that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether
he haue any Italian in him even by looking on him.

Pisa. Can you so, as how?

Frisco. Marry by these three poynts; a Wanton Eye,
Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance.
Well, God keepe me from the Diuel in seeking this French-
man: But doe you heare mee Maister, what shall my fel-
low *Anthony* doe, it seemes he shall serue for nothing but to
put Lattin into my young Mistresses.

Exit Frisco.

Pisa. Hence asse, hence loggerhead, begon I say.
And now to you that reade *Philosophy,*
Packer from my house, I doe discharge thy service,
And come not neere my doores, for if thou dost,
Ile make thee a publike example to the world.

Finis.

A Woman will have her will.

Antho. Well crafty Fox, you that worke by wit, obell
It may be, I may linc to fit you yet. *Exit Antho.*

Pisa. Ah furra, this tricke was spide in time,
For if but two such Lectures more they'd heard,
For euer had their honest names been mard:
He in and rate them: yet that's not best,
The Girles are wilfull; and scueritie
May make them carelesse, mad, or desperate.
What shall I doe? Oh! I haue found it now,
There are three wealthy Marchants in the Towne,
All Strangers, and my very speciall friends,
The one of them is an *Italian*:
A *French-man*, and a *Dutch-man*, be the other:
These three in my selfe doe affect my Daughters,
And therefore meane I, they shall haue the tongues,
That they may answer in their severall Languages:
But what helpes that? they must not stay so long,
For whiles they are a learning Languages,
My English Youths, both wed, and bed them too:
Which to prevent, he seekes the Strangers out,
Let's looke: tis past a leuen, Exchange time fall,
There shall I meete them, and conferre with them,
This worke craves hast, my Daughters must be Wedde,
For one Months stay, sayth farewell Mayden head.

Enter Haru, Heigham,

Heigh. Come Gentlemen, w're almost at the house,
I promise you this walke ore Tower-hill,
Of all the places London can afforde,
Hath sweetest Ayre, and fitting our desires.

Haru. Good reason, so it leads to Croched-Fryers,
Where old *Pisa*, and his Daughters dwell,
Looke to your feete, the broad way leads to Hell:
They say Hell standes below, downe in the deepe,

English-men for my money: or,

Ile downe that Hill, where such good Wenches keepe,
But firra Ned, what sayes *Mathea* to thee?
Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?

Walg. A match say you? a mischiefe twill as soone:
Should I can scarce begin to speake to her,
But I am interrupted by her father.

Ha, what say you? and then put ore his snoute,
Able to shaddow *Powles*, it is so great.

Well, tis no matter, firrs, this is his House,
Knocke for the Churle, bid him bring out his Daughter;
Ile, sblood I will, though I be hanged for it,

Heigh. Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,
Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,
And haue the Wench, before you compasse her:
You are too hastie; *Pisaro* is a man,
Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.
But who comes heere?

Enter Anthony.

Walg. Whom, *Anthony* our friend?
Say man, how fares our Loue? How doth *Mathea*?
Can she loue Ned? how doth she like my sute?
Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne;
For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,
Swearing, Good Gentlemen you shall not want,
Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credite holds:
He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't?

Harn. Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,
And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,
Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:
Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes?

Antho. The newes for me is badd; and this it is:
Pisaro hath discharg'd me of his seruice.

Heigh. Discharg'd thee of his seruice; for what cause?

Anth. Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philosophy*.

Harn. Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

Antho.

A Woman will haue her will.

Antho. I, but I left out mediocritie,
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loues:

Wal. The fault was small, we three will to thy Maister
And begge thy pardon.

Antho. Oh, that cannot be,
Hee hates you farre worse, then he hates me,
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,
Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands:
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,
His Daughters to your loues affected be:
Their father is abroad, they three at home,
Goe chearely in, and cease that is your owne:
And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,
Ile overreach the Churle, and helpe my Friend.

Heigh. Build on our helpes, and but deuise the meanes.

Antho. *Pisaro* did commaund *Frisco* his man,
(A simple sorte, kept onely but for myrth),
To inquire about in *London* for a man,
That were a *French-man* and *Musitian*,
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor:
Him if you meete, as like enough you shall,
He will inquire of you of his affayres,
Then make him answer, you three came from *Paules*,
And in the middle walke, one you espyde,
Fit for his purpose, then describe this Cloake,
This Beard and Hatte: for in this borrowed shape,
Must I beguile and over-reach the Foole:
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift:
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,
Least beeing diseri'd: Gentlemen adue,
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

Enter Frisco the Clowne.

Wal. How now sirra, whither are you going?

Fris. Whither am I going, how shall I tell you, when I
doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe?

B.

Heigh.

English-men for my money: or,

Heigh. What dost thou meane by that?

Fris. Marry sir, I am seeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a Monster in the liknesse of a Man: one that in stead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parley vous signieur?* one that neuer washes his fingers, but lickes them cleane with kisses; a clipper of the Kings English: and to conclude, an eternall enemy to all good Language.

Haru. What's this? what's this?

Fris. Doe not you smell me? Well, I perceiue that witte doth not always dwel in a Satten-dublet: why, tis a *French-man*, *Basimon cue*, how doe you?

Haru. I thanke you sir, but tell me what wouldest thou doe with a *French-man*:

Fris. Nay sayth, I would doe nothing with him, vntesse I set him to teach Parrets to speake: marry the old Assemy Maister, would haue him to teach his Daughters, though I trust the whole world sees, that there be such in his house that can serue his Daughters turne, as well as the proudest *French-man*: but if you be good laddes, tell me where I may finde such a man?

Heigh. We will, goe hye thee straight to *Pauls*, There shalt thou finde one fitting thy desire; Thou soone mayst know him, for his Beard is blacke, Such is his rayment, if thou runn'st appace, Thou canst not misse him *Frisco*.

Fris. Lord, Lord, how shall poore *Phrisco* rewarde your rich tydings Gentlemen: I am yours till Shrouetewe-day, for then change I my Coppy, & looke like nothing but Red-Herring Cobbes, and Stock-Fish; yet He doe somewhat for you in the meane time: my Maister is abroad, and my young Mistresses at home: if you can doe any good on them before the *French-man* come, why so? Ah Gentlemen, doe not suffer a litter of Languages to spring vp amongst vs: I must to the Walke in *Pauls*, you
to

A Woman will haue her will.

to the Vestrie. Gentlemen, as to my selfe, and so forth.

Exit Frisco,

Han. Fooles tell the truth men say, and so may he:
Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be,
Ned, knocke at the doore: but soft forbear;

Enter Laurencia, Marina, and Mathea.

The Cloude breakes vp, and our three Sunnes appeare.
To this I fly, shine bright my liues sole stay,
And make griefes night a glorious summers day.

Mari. Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,
Guesse by our lookes, for other meanes by feare
Prevented is: our fathers quicke returne
Forbids the welcome, else we would haue done.

Walg. Mathea, How these saythfull thoughts obey,

Mari. No more sweet loue, I know what thou would'st
You say you loue me, so I wish you still, (say:
Loue hath loues hier, being ballanc't with good will;
But say; come you to vs, or come you rather
To pawne more Lands for money to our father?
I know tis so, a Gods name spend at large:
What man? our mariage day will all discharge;
Our father (by his leaue) must pardon vs,
Age saue of age, of nothing can discusse:
But in our loues, the prouerbe wee'll fulfill
Women and Maydes, must alwayes haue their will.

Heigh. Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarfe,

Law. Your selfe & your good news doth more enforce
How these haue ser forth loue by all their witte,
I sweare in heart, I more then double it.
Sisters be glad, for he hath made it playne
The meanes to get our Schoole-master againe:
But Gentlemen, for this time cease our loues,
This open streete perhaps suspicion moues,
Fayne we would stay, bid you walke in more rather,

English-men for my money, i. or,

But that we feare the coming of our father :
Goe to th'Exchange, craue Gold as you intend,
Pisaro scrapes for vs; for vs you spend:
We say farewell, more sadlier be bold,
Then would my greedy father to his Gold:
Wee here, you there, aske Gold; and Gold you shall:
Weele pay the intrest, and the principall. *Exeunt Sisters.*
Walg. That's my good Girles, and Ile pay you for all.
Harn. Come to th'Exchange, and when I feele decay,
Send me such Wenches, Heauens I still shall pray. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro, Delion the Frenchman, Vandalle the Dutchman,
Aluaro the Italian, and other Marchants, at severall doores.*

Pisa. Goodmorrow, M. Strangers.

Strang. Good morrow sir.

Pisaro. This (louing friends) hath thus emboldnied me,
For knowing the affection and the loue
Maister Vandalle, that you beare my Daughter:
Likewise, and that with ioy considering too,
you Monsieur Delion, would faine dispatch
I promise you, mee thinkes the time did fit,
And does bid, Lady too, in mine aduice,
This day to clap a full conclusion vp:
And therefore made I bold to call on you,
Meaning (our businesse done here at the Burse)
That you at mine intreaty should walke home,
And take in worth such Vnder as I haue:
And then we would, and so I hope we shall,
Loosely tye vp the knot that you desire,
But for a day or two, and then Church rites
Shall sure conforme, confirme, and make all fast.

Vand. Scker Mester *Pisaro*, mee do so groterly dancke
you, dat you macke mee so sure of de Wench, datt ic can
neit dancke you enough.

Delia. Monsieur *Pisaro*, mon pere, mon Vaders, Oh de
grande

A Woman will have her will.

grande ioye you giue me (conte) mee (al go home to your
House, sal eat your Bakon, sal eat your Beefe, and shal
tacke de Wench, de fine Damoyfella.

Pisa. You shall, and welcome, welcome as my soule:
But were my third Sonne sweete *Aluor* heere,
Wee would not stay at the Exchange to day,
But hye vs home and there end our affayres.

Enter Moore, and Towerfon.

Moore. Good day maister *Pisa*.

Pisa. Maister *Moore*, marry with all my heart good
morrow sir, What newes? What newes?

Moore. This Marchant heere my friend, would speake
with you.

Tower. Sir, this iolly South-west wind with gentle blast,
Hath driuen home our long expected Shippes,
All laden with the wealth of ample *Spain*,
And but a day is past since they arriue
Safely at *Plimmouth*, where they yet abide.

Pisa. Thankes is too small a guerdon for such newes.
How like you this Newes friends? Maister *Vandalle*,
Heer's somewhat towards for my Daughters Dowries:
Heer's somewhat more then we did yet expect.

Tower. But heare you sir, my businesse is not done;
From these same Shippes I did receiue these lines,
And there inclosde this same Bill of exchange,
To pay at sight, if so you please accept it.

Pisa. Accept it, why? What sir should I accept,
Haue you receiued Letters, and not he
Where is this lazic villaine, this slow Poast:
What, brings he euery man his Letters home,
And makes mee no bodie; does hee, does hee?
I would not haue you bring me counterfeit,
And if you doe, assure you I shall smell it:
I know my Factors writing well enough.

Tower. You doe sir; then see your Factors writing:

Englishmen for my money: &c.

I scorn as much as you to countscite,

Pisa. Tis well you doe sir.

Enter Harle, Walgrave, and Heigh.

What Maister Walgrave, and my other friends,

You are grown strangers to Pisas house;

I pray make bold with me.

Walgr. I, with your Daughters;

You may be sworne, weele be as bold as may be.

Pisa. Would you haue ought with me, I pray now speak.

Heigh. Sir, I thinke you understand our sute,

By the repaying we haue had to you;

Gentlemen you know, must want no Coyne,

Not are they slauer into it, when they haue:

You may perceiue our minds; What say you to't?

Pisa. Gentlemen all, I loue you all:

Which more to manifest, this afternoon

Betweene the howers of two and three repaire to mee;

And were it halfe the substance that I haue,

Whilst it is mine, tis yours to commande;

But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,

So doe I wish you'll haue respect to mee:

You know that all of vs are mortall men,

Subiect to change and mutabilitie;

You may, or I may, soone pitch ore the Pearch,

Or so, or so, haue on many tresses;

Wherefore I thinke but merer equitie,

That some thing may betwixt vs be to shew

Heigh. M. Pisa, within this two months without fail,

We will repay.

Enter Browne.

Browne. God save you Gentlemen.

Gentlemen. Good morning to you.

Pisa. What M. Browne, the onely man I wisht for,

Doe your price fall? what shall I haue these Cloathes?

For

A Woman will haue her will.

For I would ship them straight away for *Strait*:
I doe wish you my Mony fore another.

Brow. Fayth you know my price sir, if you haue them.

Pisa. You are to dease in sadnesse, maister *Heigham*:
You were about to say somewhat, pray proceede.

Heigh. Then this it was: those Landes that are not
mergag'd

Enter Post.

Post. God blesse your worship.

Pisaro. I must craue pardon; Oh sirra, are you come?

Wal. Hoyda, hoyda; Whats the matter now;
Sure, yonder fellow will be torne in peeces. (about:

Haru. Whats hee, sweete youths; that so they flocke,
What old *Pisaro* tainted with this madnesse?

Heigh. Vpon my life, tis some body bringes newes;
The Courte breakes vp, and wee shall know their Coun-
Looke, looke, how busely they fall to reading. (sell:

Pisa. I am the last, you should haue kept it still;
Well, we shall see what newes you bring with you;
Oar duty premised, and we haue sent vnto your worship
Sacke, siuill Oyles, Pepper, Barbery sugar, and such other
commodities as we thought most requisite, we wanted
mony therefore we are fayne to take vp 200. l. of Maister
Towersons man, which by a bill of Exchange sent to him,
we would request your worship pay accordingly.

You shall commaund sir, you shall commaunde sir,
The newes here is, that the English shipes, the *Fortune*,
your shipe, the aduenture and good lucke of London coa-
sting along by *Italy* Towards *Turky*, were set vpon by to
Spanish-galleis, what became of them we know not, but
doubt much by reason of the weathers calmesse,

Pisa. How it fix to one the weather calme,
Now afore God who would not doubt their safety,
A plague vpon these *Spanish-galls* Pirattes,

C.

Roring

English-men for my money: or,

Roaring *Caribdis*, or deuouring *Scilla*,
Were halfe such terrour to the anticke world,
As these same anticke Villaines now of late,
Haue made the *Straights* twixt *Spaine* and *Barbary*.

Tower. Now sir, what doth your Factors letters say?

Pisa. Marrie he saith, these witlesse lucklesse doubtts,
Haue met, and are beset with *Spanish* Gallies,

As they did saile along by *Italy*:

What a bots made the dolts neere *Italy*,

Could they not keepe the coast of *Barbary*,

Or hauing past it, gone for *Tripoly*,

Being on the other side of *Sicity*,

As neere, as where they were vnto the *Straights*:

For by the Gloabe, both *Tripoly* and it,

Lie from the *Straights* some twentie five degrees;

And each degree makes three-score english miles?

Tower. Very true sir: But it makes nothing to my Bill
of exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.

Pisa. And what fits yours? a prating wrangling tounge,
A womans ceaselesse and incessant babling,
That sees the world turnd topsie turuie with me;
Yet hath not so much witte to stay a while,
Till I demone my late excessiue losse.

Wal. S'wounds tis dinner time, Ile stay no longer:
Harke you a word sir.

Pisa. I tell you sir, it would haue made you whine
Worse then if shooles of lucklesse croking Rauens,
Had ceasd on you to feed their famisht paunches:
Had you heard newes of such a rauinous rout,
Ready to cease on halfe the wealth you haue.

Wal. Sbloud you might haue kept at home & be hangd,
What a pox care I.

Enter a Post.

Post. God saue your worship, a littlemony and so forth.

Pisa. But men are sencelesse now of others woe,
This stony age is growne so stony harted,
That none respects their neighbours miseries,

A Woman will haue her will.

I wish (as Poets doe) that Saturnes times
The long out worne world weare in vse againe,
That men might sayle without impediment.

Post. I marry sir that were a merry world indeede, I
would hope to gette more mony of your worship in one
quarter of a yeare, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-
moneth.

Enter Balsaro.

Balsa. Maister *Pisaro* how I haue runne about,
How I haue toyl'd to day to finde you out,
At home, abroade, at this mans house, at that,
Why I was here an hower agoe and more,
Where I was tould you were, but could not finde you.

Pisa. Fayth sir I was here but was driuen home,
Heres such a common hant of Crack-rope boyes,
That what for feare to haue m'apparells spoyld,
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes stricke out:
Idare not walke where people doe expect mee:
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto,
And such Coyne to, which is bestowde on Knaues,
Which should, but doe not see things be reformed,
Might be imployde to many better vses:
But what of beardlesse Boyes, or such like trash;
The *Spanish Gallies*: Oh, a vengeance on them.

Post. Masse, this man hath the lucke on't, I thinke I can
scarce euer come to him for money, but this a vengeance
on, and that a vengeance on't, doth so trouble him, that I
can get no Coyne: Well, a vengeance on't for my party, for
he shall fetch the next Letters him selfe.

Browne. I prethee, when thinkest thou the Ships will be
come about from *Plimmouth*? *Post.* Next weeke, sir.

Heigh. Came you sir from *Spaine* lately?

Post. I sir, Why aske you that?

Ha. Marry sir, thou seemes to haue bin in the hot countries,
thy face looks so like a peece of rusty Bacon: had thy Host
at *Plimmouth* meat enough in the house, whē thou wert there?

Post. What though he had not sir? but he had, how then?

English-men for my money: or,

Harn. Marry thanke God for it; for otherwise, he would doubtles haue Cut thee out in Rashers to haue eaten thee; thou look'st as thou weart through broyld already.

Post. You haue sayd sir; but I am no meate for his morning, nor yours neither: If I had you in place where, you should find me tough enough in digestion, I warrant you.

Walgr. What will you swagger sirra, will yee swagger?

Brow. I beseech you Sir, hold your hand; Gette home yee patch, cannot you suffer Gentlemen Iest with you?

Post. Ide teach him a Gentle trick and I had him of the burse; but Ile watch him a good turne I warrant him.

Moor. Assure yee maister *Towerfon*, I cannot blame him, I warrant you it is no easie losse;
How thinke you maister *Stranger*? by my fayth sir,
Ther's twentie Marchants will be sorry for it,
That shall be partners with him in his losse.

Stra. Why sir, whats the matter.

Moor. The Spanish-gallies haue besette our shippes,
That lately were bound out for *Siria*.

March. What not? I promise you I am sorry for it.

Walgr. What an old Assle is this to keepe vs here:
Maister *Pisaro*, pray dispatch vs hence.

Pisa. Maister *Vandalle* I confesse I wronge you;
But Ile but talke a word or two with him, and straight
turne to you.

Ah sir, and how then yfayth?

Heigh. Turne to vs, turne to the Gallowes if you will,

Harn. Tis Midsomer-Moone with him: let him alone,
He call's *Ned Walgrane*, Maister *Vandalle*. (*Pisaro*.)

Walgr. Let it be shrouetide, Ile not stay an ynche maister

Pisa. What should you feare: ende as I haue vow'd be-
So now againe; my Daughters shalbe yours: (fore,

And therefore I beseech you and your friendes,

Deferre y^r businesse till Dinner time;

And what youd say, keepe it for table talke.

Harn.

A Woman will haue her will.

Horn. Marrie and shall; a right good motion:
Sirrs, old *Pisaro* is growne kind of late,
And in pure lone, hath bid vs home to dinner.

Heigh. Good newes in truth: But wherfore art thou sad?

Walg. For feare the slaue ere it be dinner time,
Remembring what he did, recall his word:
For by his idle speeches, you may sweare,
His heart was not confederat with his tongue.

Horn. Tut neuer doubt, keepe stomachs till anone,
And then we shall haue cares to feede vpon.

Pisa. Well sir, since things doe fall so crosely out,
I must dispose my selfe to patience:
But for your businesse, doe you assure your selfe,
At my repaying home from the Exchange,
Ile set a helping hand vnto the same.

Enter Aluaro the Italian.

Alua. *Bon iorno* signeour *Padre*, why be de malancollie so
much, and graue in you a: wat Newes make you looke
so naught?

Pisa. Naught is too good an epithite by much,
For to distinguish such contrarioufnesse:
Hath not swift Fame told you our slow saile Shippes
Haue been ore-taken by the swift saile Gallies,
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch
Of that same Catterpillar brood of *Spaine*.

Alua. Signor si, how de Spaniola haue almost tacke de
Ship dat go for *Turkie*; my Pader, harke yon me on word,
I haue receiue vn lettrefrom my Factor de *Vennise*, dat after
vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come a Winde
fra de North, & de Sea go tumble here, & tumble dare, dat
make de Gallies run away for feare be almost drownde,

Pisa. How sir, did the Winderise at North, and Seas
waxe rough: and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly?

Alu. Signior si, & de Ship go drite on de Iscola de *Candy*.

Englist-men for my money: or,

Pisa. Wert thou not my *Aluaro* my beloued,
One whom I know does dearely count of mee,
Much should I doubt me that some scoffing lacke,
Had sent thee in the middest of all my griefes,
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke.

Alu. Wil you no beleue me? see dare dan, see de lettre.

Pisa. What is this world? or what this state of man,
How in a moment curst, in a trice blest?
But euen now my happie state gan fade,
And now againe, my state is happie made,
My Goods all safe, my Ships all scapt away,
And none to bring me newes of such good lucke,
But whom the Heauens haue markt to be my Sonne:
Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,
None should more willingly be made mine Heyre
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller
Ioy stops my mouth.

The Exchange Bellrings.

Balsa. M. *Pisaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:
Wilt please you hasten to performe this businesse?

Pisa. What businesse sir? Gods mee, I cry you mercie:
Doe it, yes sir, you shall commaund me more.

Tower. But sir, What doe you meane, doe you intend
To pay this Bill, or else to palter with mee?

Pisa. Marry God sheild, that I should palter with you:
I doe accept it, and come when you please;
You shall haue money, you shall haue your money due.

Post. I beseech your worship to consider mee.

Pisa. Oh, you cannot cogge: Goe to, take that,
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,
And thou shalt see, I will not be thy worst maister.

Post. Marry God blesse your Worship; I came in happy
time: What, a French crowne? sure hee knowes not what,
he does: Well, Ile begon, least he remember himselfe, and
take it from me againe.

Exit Post.

Pisa. Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*, sweet sonne *Aluaro*:
Come

A Woman will haue her will.

Come don *Balsaro*, lets be iogging home

Bir laken firs, I thinke tis one a clocke.

Exit Pisaro, Balsaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandallo.

Brow. Come *M. Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,
I thinke it best we get vs home to dinner.

Moore. I know that I am lookt for long ere this:
Come maister *Touerson*, let's walke along.

Exit Moore, Browne, Touerson, Strangers, & Marchant.

Heigh. And if you be so hot vpon your dinner,
Your best way is, to haste *Pisaro* on,
For he is cold enough, and slow enough;
He hath so late digested such cold newes.

Walg. Mary and shall: Heare you maister *Pisaro*.

Harr. Many *Pisaros* heere: Why how now *Ned*,
Where is your *Matt*? your welcome, and good cheare?

Walg. Swounds, lets follow him; why stay we heere?

Heigh. Nay prethee *Ned Walg.* lets bethinke our selues,
There's no such haste, we may come time enough:
At first *Pisaro* bade vs come to him

Twixt two or three a clocke at after noone?

Then was he old *Pisaro*: but since then,

What with his griefe for losse, and ioy for finding,

Hee quite forgot himselfe, when he did bid vs,

And afterward forgot, that he had bade vs.

Walg. I care not, I remember't well enough:

Hee bade vs home; and I will goe, that's flat,

To teach him better witte another time.

Harr. Heer'le be a gallant iest, when we come there,

To see how maz'd the greedie chuffe will looke

Vpon the nations, sects, and factions,

That now haue borne him company to dinner:

But harke you, lets not goe to vexe the man;

Prethee sweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

Walg. Not goe? indeed you may doe what you please,
He goe, that's flat: nay, I am gon alreadie,

Stay

English-men for my money: or,

Stay you two, and consider further of it.

Heigh. Nay all will goe, if one: I prethee stay;
Thou'rt such a rash and giddie headed youth,
Each Stone's a Thorne: Hoyda, he skips for haste;
Young *Harnie* did but iest; I know heele goe.

Walg. Nay, he may chuse for mee: But if he will,
Why does he not? why stands he prating still?
If youle goe, come: if not, fare-well?

Harn. Hier a Poast-horse for him (*gentle Francke*)
Heer's haste, and more haste then a hastie Pudding;
You mad-man, mad-cap, wild-oates; we are for you,
It bootes not stay, when you intend to goe.

Walg. Come away then.

Exeunt.

Enter Pisaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Pisa. A thousand welcomes friendes: *Monfieur Delion,*
Ten thousand Ben-venues vnto your selfe,
Signior Aluaro, Maister Vandalle;
Proude am I, that my rooffe containes such Friends.
Why *Mall, Larentia, Matth;* Where be these Girles?

Enter the three Sisters.

Liuely my Girles, and bid these Strangers welcome;
They are my friends, your friends, and our wel-willers:
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.
Gods mee, Why stirre you not? Harke in your eare,
These be the men the choyse of many millions,
That I your carefull Father haue provided
To be your Husbands: therefore bid them welcome.

Math. Nay by my troth, tis not the guise of maydes,
To give a slauring Salute to men: (*aside,*
If these sweete youths haue not the witte to doe it,
Wee haue the honestie to let them stand.

Vanda. Gods sekerlin, dats vn-fra meskin, *Monfieur*
Delion dare de Grote freister, dare wode ic zene, tis vn-fra
Daughter, dare heb ic so long loude, dare Heb my desire
so long gewest.

Aluaro.

A Woman will haue her will.

Alua. Ah *Venice, Roma, Italia Francia, Anglterra*, nor all
dis orbe can shew so much belliza, *veremante de secunda*,
Madona de gronda beutie.

Delio. Certes medinke de mine de peteta de little An-
gloise, de me *Mâtesse Pifar* is vn nette, vn becues, vn fra,
et vn tendra *Damofella.*

Pifa. What Stocks, what stones, what sentele Truncks
be these?

When as I bid you speake, you hold your tongue:

When I bid peace, then can you prate, and chat,

And gossip: But goe too, speake and bid welcome,

Or (as I liue) yon were as good you did.

Mari. I cannot tell what Language I should speake:

Yf I speake *Englsh* (as I can none other)

They cannot vnderstand mee, nor my welcome.

Alua. *Bella Madona*, dare is no language so dulce, dulce,
dat is sweete, as de language, dat you shall speake, and de
vell come dat you sal say, sal be well know per faytement.

Mari. Pray sir, What is all this in *Englsh*?

Alua. De vsa sal vell teach you vat dat is, and if you sal
please, I will teach you to parler *Italiano.*

Pifa. And that mee thinkes sir, not without need:

And with *Italian*, to a Childes obedience,

With such desire to seeke to please their Parents,

As others farre more vertuous then them selues,

Doe dayly striue to doe: But tis no matter,

Ile shortly pull your haughtie stomacks downe:

Ile teach you vrge your Father, make you runne,

When I bid runne: and speake, when I bid speake:

What greater crosse can carefull parents haue (*knock within*)

Then carelesse Children. Stirre and see who knocks?

Enter Harrio, Walgrane, and Heigham.

Walgr. Good morrow to my good Mistris *Mathe.*

Mathe. As good a morrow, to the morrow giuer.

Pifa. A murren, what make these? What do they heere?

D

Heigh.

English-men for my money: or,

Heigh. You see maister *Pisaro*, we are bold guesstes,
You could haue bid no surer men then wee.

Pisa. Harke you Gentlemen; I did expect you
At after noone, not before two a clocke.

Harn. Why sir, if you please, you shall haue vs heere at
two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clocke, nay till to
morrow this time: yet I assure you, sir, wee came not to
your house without inuiting.

Pisa. Why Gentlemen, I pray who bade you now?
Who euer did it, sure hath done you wrong:
For scarcely could you come to worser cheare.

Heigh. It was your owne selfe bade vs to your cheare,
When you were busie with *Balsaro* talking;
You bade vs cease our suites till dinner time,
And then to vse it for our table talke:
And wee I warrant you, are as sure as Steele.

Pisa. A murren on your selues, and surenes too:
How am I crost: Gods mee, what shall I doe,
This was that ill newes of the *Spanish* Pirats,
That so disturb'd mee: well, I must dissemble,
And bid them welcome; but for my Daughters
Ile send them hence, they shall not stand and prate.
Well my Maisters, Gentlemen, and Friends,
Though vnexpected, yet most heartily welcome;
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheare,
That will be small: yet too too much for you.

Mall. in and get things readie.

Laurentia, bid *Adandlin* lay the Cloth, take vp the Meate:
Looke how she stirres; you sullen Elfe, you Callet,
Is this the haste you make? *Exeunt Marina & Laurentia.*

Alua. Signor *Pisaro*, ne soiat so malcontento de Gentle-
woman your filigola did parler but a litella to, de gentle
homay our graunde amico.

Pisa. But that graunde amico, is your graunde inimico:
One, if they be suffred to parlar,

Will

A Woman will have her will.

Will poll you, I and pill you of your Wife:
They loue togetther: and the other two,
Loues her two Sisters: but tis onely you
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

Alua. Do dey so; well let me lone, sal see me giue dem
de such graund mocke, sal be shame of dem selues.

Pisa. Doe sir, I pray you doe; set lustily vpon them,
And lle be ready still to second you.

Walg. But *Matt*, art thou so mad as to turne *French*?

Matt. Yes marry when two Sundayes come together,
Thinke you lle learne to speake this gibberidge,
Or the Pigges language? Why, if I fall sicke,
They le say, the *French* (*et-cetera*) infected mee.

Pisa. Why how now Minion; what, is this your seruice?
Your other Sisters busie are imployde,
And you stande idle: get you in, or. *Exit Matt.*

Walg. Yf you chide her, chide me (*M. Pisa*):
For but for mee, she had gon in long since.

Pisa. I thinke she had: for we are sprights to scare her;
But er't be long, lle driue that humor from her.

Alua. Signor, me thincks you sould no macke de wen she
so hardee, so disobedient to de padre as diit madona *Matt*.

Walg. Signor, me thinkes you should learne to speake,
before you should be so foole-hardy, as to woe such a
Mayden as that *Madona Matt*?

Delia. Warrent you Monsieur, he sal parle wen you sal
stande out the doure.

Haru. Harke you Monsieur, you would wish your selfe
halfe hang'd, you were as sure to be let in as hee.

War. Macke no doubt de signor *Alua*, sal do vel enough

Heigh. perhaps so: but me thinks your best way were to
ship your selfe for *Stood*, and there to batter your selfe for a
commodity; for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

Pisa. The worst perhappes dislike him, but the best
esteeme him best.

English-men for my money: or,

Harr. But by your patience sir, mee thinks none should know better who's Lord, then the Lady.

Alua. Den de Lady, vat Lady?

Harr. Marry sir, the Lady let her alone: one that meanes to let you alone for feare of trouble,

Pisa. Euery man as he may: yet sometimes the blinde may katch a Hare.

Heigh. I sir, but he will first eat many a Fly: You know it must be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

Vand. *Maer hort en;* if he & ic & monfieur *Delion* be de Crab, we sal kash de Fowle wel enough, I warrent you.

Walg. I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you, And much good may it doe yee.

Alua. Mee dincke such a piculo man as you be, sal haue no de such grande lucke madere.

Delio. Non da Monsieur, and he be so granda amorous op de Damosella, he sal haue *Mawdlyn* de witt Wenshe in de Kichine by malter *Pisaros* leaue.

Walg. By M. *Pisaros* leaue, Monsieur Ile mumble you, except you learne to know, whom you speake to: I tell thee *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that shall make thee gnash thy teeth to want.

Pisa. Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wish: But Gentlemen, euery man as his lucke serues, and so agree wee; I would not haue you fall out in my house: Come, come, all this was in iest, now lets too't in earnest; I meane with our teeth, and try who's the best Trencher-man.

Exeunt.

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Ah sirra, now I know, what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did so marle afore what it was out of ail count: For my maister would say, Would I had *Powles* full of Gold. My young Mistresses, and *Grimkin* our Taylor, would wish they had *Powles* full of Needles: I, one askt my maister halfe a yard of Freeze to make me a Coate and
hee

A Woman will haue her will.

hee cride whoope holly-day, it was big enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue been told, that Duke *Hun-*
frie dwelles here, and that he keeps open house, and that a
braue sort of *Cammileres* dine with him euery day; now
if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I
would set in a foote: But the best is, a the auncient Eng-
lish romaine Orator saith, *So-lame-men, Misers, Howseruies*,
and so foorth: the best is, that I haue great store of compa-
nie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe, and goe vp
and downe, and make a grumbling together, that the
meate is so long making readie: Well, if I could meete
this scurvie *Frenchman*, they should flay mee, for I would
be gone home.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. I beseech you *Monsieur*, giue mee audience.

Frisc. What would you haue? What should I giue you?

Antho. Pardon, sir mine vnciuill and presumptuous in-
trusion, who indeauour nothing lesse, then to prouoke or
exasperat you against mee.

Frisc. They say, a word to the Wife is enough: so by
this litle *French* that he speakes, I see hee is the very man I
seeke for: Sir, I pray what is your name?

Antho. I am nominated *Monsieur Le Mouche*, and rest at
your *bon seruice*.

Frisc. I vnderstand him partly; yea, and partly nay:
Can you speake *French*? *Consent pore vous monsieur Madomo.*

Antho. If I could not sir, I should ill vnderstand you:
you speake the best *French* that euer trode vpon Shoe of
Leather.

Frisc. Nay, I can speake more Languages then that:
This is *Italian*, is it not? *Nella sturde Corte zana.*

Antho. Yes sir, and you speake it like a very Naturall.

Frisc. I beleene you well: now for *Dutch*:

Duck y de doe wart heb yee ge brought.

English-men for my money: or,

Antho. I pray stop your mouth, for I neuer heard such *Dutch* before brocht.

Fris. Nay I thinke you haue not met with no pezant: Heare you *M. Mause*, (so your name is I take it) I haue confidered of your learning in these aforesaid Languages; and find you seasonable: So, so, now this is the matter; Can you take the ease to teach these Tongues to two or three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will see you paide for your labour.

Antho. Yes sir, and that most willingly.

Fris. Why then *M. Mause*, to their vse, I entertaine yee, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that I my selfe haue no leasure to shew my skill: Well sir, if youle please to walke with me, Ile bring you to them.

Exeunt.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathea.

Lauren. Sit till dinners done; not I, I sweare: Shall I stay? till he belch into mine eares. Those rusticke Phrases, and those Dutch French tearmes, Stammering halfe Sentences dogbolt Elloquence: And when he hath no loue for-sooth, why then Hee tels me Cloth is deare at *Anwerpe*, and the men Of *Amsterdam* haue lately made a law, That none but *Dutch* as hee, may trafficke there: Then standes he still and studies what to say, And after some halfe houre, because the Asses Hopes (as he thinkes) I shall not contradict him, Hee tels me that my Father brought him to me, And that I must performe my Fathers will. Well good-man Goose-cap, when thou woest againe, Thou shalt haue simple ease, for thy Loues paine.

Mathe. Alas poore Wench, I sorrow for thy hap, To see how thou art clog'd with such a Dunce: Forsooth my Sire hath fitted me farre better, My *Frenchman* comes vpon me with the *Sa, sa, sa*;

Sweete.

A Woman will have her will.

Sweete Madam pardone me I pra:
And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,
Swallowes his Spittle, frisks his Beard, and then to mee:
Pardone my mistresse Mathea,
If I be bold, to make so bold met you,
Thinke it go will dat spurres me dus up you.
Dan cast neit off so good and true Louer,
Madama celestura de la, (I know not what)
Doe oft pray to God dat me woud loue her:
And then hee reckons a catalogue of names
of such as loue him, and yet cannot get him.

Mari. Nay, but your *Monsieur's* but a Mouse in cheese,
Compard with my *Signior*, hee can tell
Of Lady *Venus*, and her Sonne blind *Cupid*:
Of the faire *Scilla* that was lou'd of *Glaucus*,
And yet scorn'd *Glaucus*, and yet lou'd King *Minos*,
Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet she holp'd him;
And yet he scorn'd her, yet she kild her Father
To doe her good; yet he could not abide her:
Nay, hele be bawdy too in his discourse;
And when he is so, he will take my Hand,
And tickle the Palme, wincke with his one Eye,
Gape with his Mouth, and

Laur. And, hold thy tongue I prethee: here's my father.

Enter Pifaro, Alvaro, Vandalle, Delion, Harvis,
Walgrane, and Heigham.

Pifa. Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurtred Girles,
Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends
To feast with mee, to reuell at my House,
That their good likings, may be set on you,
And you like misbehaud and sullen Girles,
Turne tayle to such, as may aduance your states:
I shall remembert, when you thinke I doe not.
I am sorrie Gentlemen, your cheare's no better,

But

English-men for my money: or,

But what did want at Board, excuse me for,
And you shall haue amendes be made in Bed.
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:
For you I bred them, for you brought them vp:
For you I kept them, and you shall haue them:
I hate all others that resort to them:
Then rouse your bloods, be bold with what's your owne:
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

Enter Frisco and Anthoine.

Frisco. God-gee god-morrow sir, I haue brought you
M. Mouse here to teach my young Mistresses: I assure you
(for-sooth) he is a braue *Frenchman*.

Pisa. Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke)
Hath at the full, resolu'd thee of my will.
Monsieur *Delion*, I pray question him:
I tell you sit, tis onely for your sake,
That I doe meane to entertaine this fellow,

Antho. A bots of all ill lucke, how came these heere?
Now am I posde except the Wenches helpe mee:
I haue no *French* to flap them in the mouth,

Harr. To see the lucke of a good fellow, poore *Anthony*
Could nere haue sorted out a worser time:
Now will the packe of all our sly deuises
Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyster:
Francke, *Heigham*, and mad *Ned*, fall to your mases,
To helpe poore *Anthony* now at a pinch,
Or all our market will be spoyld and marde.

Walg. Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you. (*vous!*)

Delio. Monsieur, Vous estes tresbien venu, de quell pais estes

Anth. Vous, thats you: sure he saies, how do men call you
Monsieur le Mouche?

Mari. Sister, helpe sister; that's honest *Anthoine*,
And he answers, your woer cuius contrarium.

Delio. Monsieur, Vous n'entens pas, Je ne demande pas,
vostre

A Woman will have her will.

Antho. Monsieur *Delio*, he that made your Shoes, made them not in fashion: they should have been cut square at the toe.

Delio. Madame, my Sho met de square, c'est a brider.

Pisa. Why saucy he, how now you vaueient mincks Why? in whose Stable hast thou been brought up, To interrupt a man in midst of speech?

Monsieur Delio, disquiet not your selfe, But as you haue begun, I pray proceed To question with this Comedian of yours.

Delio. Dat me sal doe tres bien, but de bella Madona de iune Gentlewoman de monstre some singe of amour to speake to me, eparte monsieur, mee sal say but two tres fowre fine word to dis francois, or sur Monsieur. Le mouche en quelle partie de France estis vous?

Har. France.

Edigh. Ned.

Wal. Sbloud, let mee come.

Maister Pisa, we haue occasion of affaires, Which calles vs hence with speed; wherefore I pray Deferre this businesse till some fitter time, And to performe what at the Exchange we spoke of.

Antho. A blessing on that tongue, saith *Anthony*.

Pisa. Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.

Aluaro to your task, fall to your task, He beare away those three, who being here, Would set my Daughters on a merry pin: Then chearely try your luckes, but speake, and speed, For you alone (say I) shall doe the deed.

Exeunt Pisa, Har, Wal, and Edigh.

Frisc. Heare you M. *Aluaro*, did you come to stay at *Paulos* with the rest of the Gentlemen there?

Antho. No sir, I am yet undined.

Frisc. Meethinks you should haue a reasonable good

E.

Stomacke.

English-men for my money: or,

Stomacke then by this time, as for me I can sell nothinge within me from my mouth to my God: peece but all Emptie, wherefore I thinke a peece of wisdom to goe in and see what Maudelin hath provided for our Dinner maister Mousc will you goe in?

Antho. With as good a stomacke and desire as your
Frisco. Let's passe in then (selfe.

Exeunt Frisco, and Anthonie.

Vanda. Han seg you Dochter, vor vat cause, voer why bede also much grooterlie strange, Ic seg you wat, if datt ghy speake to me, is datt ghy loue me.

Lauren. Ist that I care not for you, ist that your breath stinckes, if that your breath stinckes not, you must learne sweeter English or I shall neuer vnderstand your suite.

Delion. Pardonemoy Madame.

Math. Withall my heart so you offend no more.

Delia. Is dat an offence to be amorous di ont belle Gentlewoman.

Math. I fir see your Belle Gentlewoman cannot be amorous of you.

Mar. Then if I were as that belle Gentlewoman's louer, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

Aluar. Madona yet de Belleza of de face beutie deforme of all de Corps may be such datt no periculo, nor all de mal shaunce, can make him leaue hir dulce visage.

Laur. But signor *Aluaro* if the periculo or mal shaunce were sutch, that she should loue and liue with an other, then the dulce visage must be leste in spite of the louers teeth, whilst he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

Vanda. Datt waer matresse, for it is vntue saying, dey wint he taught dey verleiselic serat sin gatt.

Math. And I thinke to are like to scratch there but neuer to claw any of my Sisters loue away.

Vand. Dan sal your sisters do gainst her vaders will,
for

A Woman will haue her will.

for your vader segt darick sal heb har vor mine wife.

Laur. I thinke not so fir, for I neuer heard him say so,
but Ile goe in and aske him if his meaning be so.

Mari. Harke sister, signor *Aluaro* sayth, that I am the
fayrest of all vs three,

Laur. Beleeue him not for heele tell any lie.

If so he thinkes thou mayst be pleas'd thereby,

Come goe with me and nere stand pratinge here,

I haue a iest to tell thee in thine eare.

Shall make you laugh: come let your signor stand,

I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,

Scoffes at him more, or loues him lesse then thou.

Maister *Vandelle*, as much I say for you,

If needes you marry with an *English* Lasse,

Woe her in *English*, or sheele call you Ass.

Math. Tut that's a *French* cogge, sure I thinke,

There's nere a Wench in *Fraunce* not halfe so fond,

To woe and sue so for your Mounsership.

Delio. Par may foy Madame, she does tincke dare is
no Wenche so dure as you: for de Fillee was cree dulce,
tendre, and amorous for me to loue hir; now me tincke dat
I being such a fineman, you should loua me.

Mathe. So thinke not I, sir.

Delio. But so tincke est oder Damosellas.

Mathe. Nay Ile lay my loue to your commaunde,
That my Sisters thinke not so: How say you sister *Mall*?
Why how now Gentlemen, is this your talke?
What beaten in plaine field; where be your Maydes?
Nay then I see their louing humor fader,
And they resigne their intrest vp to mee;
And yet I cannot serue for all you three:
But least two should be madd, that I loue one,
You shall be all alike, and Ile loue none:
The world is scant, when so many lacke Dawes,

E 2

Honor

English-men for my money: or,

Houer about one Coarse with greedy pawes:
W needes youle haue me stay till I am dead,
Carrion for Crowes, *Mathen* for her Ned:
And so farewell, wee Sisters doe agree,
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt.*

*Delio. Madama wretches, Madama: Is this all? doe shee
mockque de nows in such sort?*

Vand. Oh de pestilence, hoe if datick can neite dese En-
glese spreake vel, it shal hir Fader seg how dit is to passe
gecomen.

Enter Pisaro.

Aluar. Ne parlate, see here signors de Fader,

Pisa. Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how speedes your
worke; haue you not found them shrewd vnhappy girls?

Vand. Mester *Pisaro*, de Dochtermaistris *Laurentia* calle
me de Dyer, den Assé, for that ic can neit english spreken.

Alua. Ande dat we sal no parler, dat we sal no hauer
den for de wiue.

Pisa. Are they so lusty? Dare they be so proude?
Well, I shall find a time to meete with them:
In the meane season, pray frequent my house.

Enter Frisco running.

Ho now sirra, whither are you running?

Fris. About a little tiny businesse.

Pisa. What businesse, Assé?

Fris. Indeed I was not sent to you: and yet I was sent
after the three Gen-men that din'd here, to bid them come
to our house at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.

Pisa. Ha, what is this? Can this be true?
What, art thou sure the Wenches bade them come?

Fris. So they said, vnlesse their mindes be changed
since: for a Woman is like a Weather-cocke they say, & I
am sure of no more then I am certaine of: but Ile go in and
bid them send you word, whether they shall come or no.

Pisa

A Woman will haue her will.

Pisa. No firra, stay you heere; but one word more:
Did they appoint the come one by one, or else al together?

Frise. Altogether: Lord that such a young man as you
should haue no more witt: why if they should come toge-
ther, one could not make roome for them, but comming one
by one, theyle stand there if there were twenty of them.

Pisa. How this newes glads me, and reuiues my soule:
How say you firrs, what will you haue a iest worth the
telling; nay worth the acting: I haue it Gentlemen,
I haue it Friends.

Alua. Signor *Pisaro*, I prey de gratia watre maniere sal
we haue? wat will the parler? wat bon dee you know
Signor *Pisaro*, dicheti noi signur *Pisaro*.

Pisa. Oh that youth so sweete, so soone should turne
to age; were I as you, why this were sport alone for me to
doe.

Harke yee, harke yee, heere my man,
Saith, that the Girles haue sent for Maister *Heigham*
And his two friends, I know they loue them dear,
And therefore with them late at night be heere
To reuell with them: Will you haue a iest,
To worke my will, and gine your longings rest:
Why then M. *Vandalle*, and you two,
Shall soone at midnight come, as they should doe,
And court the Wenches; and to be vnkowne,
And taken for the men, whom they alone
So much affect; each one shall change his name:
Maister *Vandalle*, you shall take *Heigham*, and you
Younge *Harnie*, and monsieur *Delion Ned*,
And vnder shadowes be of substance sped:
How like you this deuice? how thinke you of it?

Delio. Oh de braue de galhard de deuise: me sal come by de
nite and contier faire de Anglois Gentlehomes dicte nous
ainsi monsieur *Pisaro*.

Pisa. You are in the right fir.

Englistomen for my money or,

Alua. And I shall name me de signor *Haruy*, ende monsieur *Delion* shall be de piculo signor *Ned*, ende when madonna *Laurentia* shall say, who be dare? mister *Vandalle* shall say, Oh my sount *Laide*, hier be your loue *Meistro Heigham*: Is no dis de brauissime, maister *Vandalle*?

Vanda. Slaet vp den tromele, van ick shall come Vp to de camerken, wan my new Wincken Slaet vp den tromele, van ick shall come.

Pisa. Ha, ha, ha, maister *Vandalle*, I trow you will be merrie soone at night, When you shall doe in deed, what now you hope of.

Vanda. I shall v'leg vader, Ick shall tesh your Daughrer such a ting, make her laugh too.

Pisa. Well my Sonnes all, (for so I count you shall) What we haue heere deuise'd, prouide me for: But aboue all, doe not (I pray) forget To come but one by one, as they did wish.

Vanda. Mar horten vader, ick yeite neite de wecke to your houis, hort ens I shall maister *Frisco* your manneken come to calle deme, and bring me to v'house.

Pisa. Yes marry shall hee: see that you be ready, And at the hower of eleuen sone at night: Hie you to *Bucklersburie* to his Chamber, And so direct him straight vnto my house: My Sonne *Aluaro*, and monsieur *Delion*, I know, doth know the way exceeding well: Well, weele to the Rose in *Barken* for an hower: And sirra *Frisco*, see you proue no blabbe.

Exeunt Pizaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Frisco. Oh monstrous, who would thinke my Maister had so much witte in his old rotten budget: and yet yfayth he is not much troubled with it neither. Why what wise man in a kingdome would sende me for the Dutchman? Does hee thinke Ile not coulsen him: Oh fine, Ile haue

A Woman will haue her will,

haue the brauest sport: Oh braue, Ile haue the gallentest sport: Oh come, now if I can hold behinde, while I may laugh a while, I care not: Haha; ha

Enter Antho.

Antho. Why how now *Frisco*, why laughest thou so har-

Frisco. Laugh *M. Mouse*: Laugh, ha, ha, ha, (merry?

Antho. Laugh, why should I laugh? or why art thou so

Frisco. Oh maister *Mouse*, maister *Mouse*, it would make any *Mouse*, *Ratte*, *Catte*, or *Dogge*, laugh to thinke, what sport we shall haue at our house to-morrow night: He tell you, all, my young Mistresses sent me after *M. Heigham* and his friendes, to pray them come to our house after my old Maister was a bed: Now I went, and I went, and I went, and I went: and whom should I meete, but my Maister and *M. Pisare* and the Strangers; so my Maister very worshipfully (I must needs say) examined me whether I went now? I durst not tell him an ynterlie, for feare of lying, but told him plainly and honestly mine errand: Now who would thinke my Maister had such a monstrous plague witte, hee was as glad as could be, out of all scotch and notch glad, out of all count glad; and so firra he bid the three Vplandish men come in their steedes and woe my young Mistresses: Now it made mee so laugh to thinke how they will be coufend, that I could not follow my Maister: But Ile follow him, I know he is gone to the Tauerne in his merry humor: Now if you will keepe this as secret as I haue done hitherto, wee shall haue the brauest sport for one, as can be. I must be gone, say nothing.

Antho. Well, it is soe

And we will haue good sport, or it shall go hard,

This must the Witches know, for all is marde.

Enter the three Sisters.

Harke you *M^{rs} Moll*, *Net*, *Laurencia*, *M^{rs} Ann*,

I haue such newer (my Girls) will make you smile.

Marin.

Englishmen for my money: or,

Ma. What be they Maister, how long to heare it
Anth. A Womenight, still longing, and with child,
For euery thing they heare, or light vpon:
Well, if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,
Now may your knaueries giue the deadliest blow!
Tonights-walkers, cause-droppers, or outlandish loue,
That ere was listen.

Ma. *Anthony Moncha,*
Moue but thematter; tell vs but the iest,
And if you find vs slacke to execute,
Neuer giue credence, or beloeue vs more.
Anth. Then know: The Strangers your Outlandish
Appoynted by your Father, comes this night
In stead of *Hornio*, *Fligher*, and young *Ned*,
Vnder their shaddowes to get to your beds:
For *Frisco* simply told him why he went
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue;
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue some store
Of witte and knauerie too.

Anth. *Anthony*, thanked
let doo so small a guerdon for this newes;
You must be English: Well sir signor lowse,
He teach you trickes for conning to our house.

Lar. Are you so craftie, oh that night were come,
That I might heare my *Dutchman* how hee'd sweare
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me:
Well, if I quench him not, I here pray God,
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde;
And that were worse to me then hanging.

Anth. Well said old honest huddles; here's a heape
Of merrie Laffer: Well, for my selfe,
Ile hie mee to your Louers, bid them make
With vs at night, and in some corner stay
Neere to our house, where they may make some play
Vpon your riuall, and when they are gone,

Come

A Woman will haue her will.

Come to your windowes.

Mari. Doe so good Maister.

Antho. Peace, begon, for this our sport,
Some body soone will moorne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pifaro.

Pifa. How fauourable Heauen and Earth is scene,
To grace the mirthfull complot that is laide,
Nights Candles burne obscure, and the pale Moone
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloude:
I can but smile to see the simple Girles,
Hoping to haue their sweete hearts here to night,
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face:
But when they finde, the Strangers in their Steades,
They le change their note, and sing an other song.
Where be these Girles heere, what to bed, to bed:
Mawdlin make fast the Dores, rake vp the Fire,
Gods me, tis nine a clocke, harke *Bon-bell* rings: *Knocke.*
Some looke downe below, and see who knockes:
And harke you Girles, settle your hearts at rest,
And full resolute you, that to morrow morne,
You must be wedd to such as I preferre;
I meane *Anuro* and his other friendes:
Let me no more be troubled with your nayes.
You shall doe what Ile haue, and so resolute.

Enter Moore.

Welcome M. Moore, welcome,
What winde a gods name drives you forth so late?

Moore. Fayth sir, I am come to trouble you,
My wife this present night is brought to bed.

Pifa. To bed, and what hath God sent you?

Moore. A iolly Girle, sir.

Pifa. And God blesse her: But what's your will sir?

Moore. Fayth sir, my house being full of Friends,
Such as (I thanke them) came to see my wife?

English-men for my money: or,

I would request you, that for this one night,
My daughter Susan might be lodged here.

Pisa. Lodge in my house, welcome withall my heart,
Mat harke you, she shall lye with you,
Trust me she could not come in fitter time.
For heere you sir, to morrow in the morning,
All my three Daughters must be married,
Good maister *Moor* lets haue your company,
What say you sir; Welcome honest friend.

Enter a Seruant.

Moor. How now sirra whats the newes with you?

Pisa. *Mambs* heare you, stirre betimes to morrow,
For then I meane your Schollers shall be wed:

What newes, what newes man that you looke so sad,

Moor. Hee brings me word my wife is now false sick,
And that my daughter cannot come to night:
Or if she does, it will be very late.

Pisa. Beleeue me I am then more sorry for it.
But for your daughter come she soone or late,
Some of vs will be vp to let her in,
For heere be three meanes not to sleepe to night:
Well you must be gone? commende me to your wife,
Take heede how you goe downe, the staires are bad,
Bring here a light.

Moor. Tis well I thanke you sir.

Exit.

Pisa. Good night maister *Moor* farwell honest friend,
Come, come to bed, to bed tis nine and past,
Doe not stand prating here to make me fetch you,
But gette you to your Chambers.

Exit Pisa.

Antho. Birlady heres short worke, harke you Girles,
Will you to morrow marry with the strangers.

Mall. Yfayth sir no Ile first leape out at window,
Before *Marine* marry with a stranger,

Antho. Yes but your father swears, you shall haue one.

Ma. Yes but his daughters, swear they shall haue none,
These

A Woman will have her will.

These horeſon Canniballs, theſe *Philiftines*,
Theſe rango mongoes ſhall not rule Ove me,
Ile have my will and *Ned*, or Ile have none.

Antho. How will you get him? how will you get him?
I know no other way except it be this,
I nat when your fathers in his ſoundeſt ſleepe,
You ope the Dore and runne away with them,

All ſiſters. So wee will rather then miſſe of them.

Antho. Tis well reſolute y^e ſayth and like your ſelves,
But heare you? to your Chambers preſently,
Leaſt that your father doe diſcry out drift, *Exeunt Siſters.*
Miſtres Suſan ſhould come but ſhe cannot,
Nor perhaps ſhall not, yet perhaps ſhe ſhall,
Might not a man conceipt a ſpectie iſt?
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,
If all thinges ſadge not, as all thinges ſhould doe,
Wee ſhall be ſped y^e ſayth, *Mae* ſhall have him.

Enter Vaudelle and Friſco.

Vaud. Wear be you meſter *Friſco*.

Friſc. Here ſir, here ſir, now if I could conſen him, take
heede ſir hers a poſt.

Vaud. Ick be ſo groterly hot, dat ick ſwette, Oh wen
ſal we come dare.

Friſc. Be you ſo hotte ſir, let me carry your Cloake, I
aſſure you it will eaſe you much.

Vaud. Dare here, dare, tis ſo Darke ey can neit ſee.

Friſc. I, ſo ſo: now you may traſſell in your Hoſe and
Doublet: now looke I aſlike the *Darke* man, as if I were
ſpit out of his mouth: Ile ſtraight home, & ſpeake groote
and broode, and toot and gibriſh, and in the darke Ile
have a ſling at the Wenches. Well, I ſay no more, farewell
M. Mendall, I muſt goe ſeeke my fortune. *Exit Friſco.*

Vanda. Meſter *Friſco*, meſter *Friſco*, wat ſal you no ſpeak,
make you de Foote? Why meſter *Friſco*, Oh de ſkellum,

English-men for my money: or,

he be ga met de Cloake, me sal seg his mester, han mester
Frisco, waer sidy-mester *Frisco*. *Exit Vandal.*

Enter Harvie, Heigham, and Walgrave.

Harvy. Goes the case so well signor bottle-nose?
It may be we shall overreach your drift,
This is the time the Wenches sent vs word
Our bumbast *Dutchman* and his mates will come.
Well neat *Italian*, you must don my shape:
Play your part well, or I may haps pay you.
What, speechlesse *Ned*? sayth whereon muscst thou?
Tis on your *French* coriuall, for my life:
Hee come *ete vostre*, and so foorth,
Till he hath foysted in a Brat or two?
How then, how then?

Walgr. Swounds Ile geld him first,
Ere that infestious loszell reuell there.
Well *Matt*, I thinke thou knowst what *Ned* can doe;
Shouldst thou change *Ned* for Noddy, mee for him,
Thou didst not know thy losse, y sayth thou didst not.

Heigh. Come leaue this idle chatte, and lets provide
Which of vs shall be scar-crow to these Fooles,
And set them out the way?

Walgr. Why that will I.

Harv. Then put a Sword into a mad-mans hand:
Thou art so hasty, that but crosse thy humor,
And thou'lt be ready crosse them ore the pates:
Therefore for this time, Ile supply the rome.

Heigh. And so we shall be sure of chatt enough;
Youle hold them with your floutes and gullies so long,
That all the night will scarcely be enough
To put in practise, what we haue deuise:
Come, come, Ile be the man shall doe the deed.

Harv. Well, I am content to saue your longing.
But soft, where are we? Ha, heere's the house,

Come,

A Woman will haue her will.

Come let vs take our stands: *Francis* stand you there,
And *Ned* and I will crosse t'other side.

Heigh. Doe so: But hush, I heare one passing hither.

Enter Aluaro.

Aluar. Oh de fauorable aspect of de heauen, tis so ob-
scure, so darke, so blacke dat no mortalle creature can
know de me: I pray a Dio I sal haue de reight Wench: Ah
si I be recht, here be de huis of signor *Pisaro*, I fall haue de
madona *Marina*, and daruor I fall knocke to de dore.

He knockes.

Heigh. What a pox are you mad or druncke;
What, doe you meane to breake my Glasses?

Alua. Wat be dat Glasse? Wat druncke, wat mad?

Heigh. What Glasses sir; why my Glasses: and if you
be so crancke, Ile call the Constable; you will not enter
into a mans house (I hope) in spight of him?

Harn. Nor durst you be so bold as to stand there,
Yf once the Maister of the House did know it.

Alua. Is dit your Hous? be you de Signor of dis Cassa?

Heigh. Signor me no signors, nor cassa me no cassas:
but get you hence, or you are like to taste of the Bastinado.

Heigh. Do, do, good *Ferdinand*, pummell the fogerhead.

Alua. Is this neit the Hous of mester *Pisaro*?

Heigh. Yes marry when? can you tell: how doe you?
I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

Alua. Wat be dat?

Heigh. Marry that you are an Ass and a Legerhead,
To seeke maister *Pisaro*'s house heere.

Alua. I prey de gratia, wat be dis plashe?
Wat doe ye call dit strete?

Heigh. What sir; why *Leden-hall*, could you not see
the foure Spoutes as you came along?

Alua. Certenemento *Leden hall*, I hit my hed by de way,
dare may be de voer Spouts: I prey de gratia, wisth be de
wey to *Crochefriers*?

English-men-for my money: or,

Heigh. How, to *Crooked-fricks*? Marry you must goe along till you come to the *Pumpe*, and then turne on your right hand.

Alua. Signor, adio.

Exit Alua.

Hars. Farewell and be hang'd Signor:
Now for your fellow, if the *Assle* would come.

Enter Delio.

Delio. By my trot me doe so much tincke of dit Gentlewoman de fine *Wenshe*, dat she tincke esh houert ten day, and esh day ten yeare, till I come to her: Here be de huise of sin vader, fall alle and knocke.

He knocke.

Heigh. What a bett ayle you, are you madd?
Will you runne ouer me and breake my *Glasses*?

Delio. *Glasses*, wat *Glasses*? Prey is monsieur *Pisaro* to de mayson?

Hars. Harke *Ned*, there's thy substaunce

Walg. Nay by the *Masse*, the substaunce's heere,
The shaddow's but an *Assle*.

Heigh. What Maister *Pisaro*?

Logerhead, heere's none of your *Pisaro*?

Delio. Yes but dit is the housis of mester *Pisaro*.

Walg. Will not this monsieur *Motley* take his answer?
He goe and knocke the *assle* about the pate.

Hars. Nay by your leave sir, but he hold your worship.
This sturre we should haue had, had you stood there.

Walg. Why, would it not vexe one to heare the *assle*,
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?

Hars. One of thy mettle *Ned*, would surely doe it:
But peace, and harke to the rest.

Delio. Doe no de fine Gentlewoman matresse *Machea*,
dwell in dit *Plashe*?

Heigh. No sir, here dwell none of your fine Gentlewoman:
Twere a good deed firra, to see who you are,
You come hither to steale my *Glasses*.

And then counterfeite you are going to your *Queanes*.

Delio.

A Woman will haue her will.

Delio. I be decey'd; darke night; here be no Wenſhe,
I be no in de right plashe: I prey Monsieur, wat be name
dis Streete, and wilhe be de way to *Croſbe-friers*?

Heigh. Marry this is *Fanchurch-streete*,
And the best way to *Croſbed-friers*, is to follow your nose

Delio. Vanſhe, *ſtreete*, how ſhaunce me come to *Vanſhe*;
ſtreete? vell monsieur, me muſt alle to *Croſbe-friers*.

Exit Delio.

Walg. Farewell fortipence, goe ſeeke your Signor,
I hope youle finde your ſclues two Dolts anone:
Huſh Ferdinand, I heare the laſt come ſtamping hither.

Fater Friſco.

Friſc. Ha ſirra, I haue leſt my fatte *Dutchman*, and runne
my ſelfe almoſt out of breath too: now to my young miſ-
treſſes goe I, ſome body caſt an old ſhoe after me: but ſoft,
how ſhall I doe to counterſeite the *Dutchman*, be cauſe
I ſpeake *Engliſh* ſo like a naturall; Tuſh, take you no
thought for that, let me alone for *Squintum ſquatum*: ſoft,
her's my Maſters houſe,

High. Whoſe there.

Friſc. Whoſe there, why ſir here is: Nay thats too good
Engliſh; Why here be de growtte *Dutchman*.

Heigh. Then theres not onely a growtte head, but an
Aſſe alſo.

Friſc. What be yoo, yoo be an *Engliſh* Oxeto call a gen-
tle moan Aſſe.

Harn. Harke Ned yonders good greeting.

Friſc. But yoo, and yoo be Maſter *Mouſe* that dwell
here, tell your matreſſa *Laurentia* datt her ſweete harte
Maſter *Fandall* would ſpeake with horde,

Heigh. Maſter *Mendall*, I gette you gon, leaſt you get
a broken Pate and ſo marre all: heres no entrance for miſ-
tres *Laurentias* ſweete heart.

Friſc. Gods ſataren watt is the luck now,

Shall

English-men for my money: or,

Shall not I come to my friend maister *Pisaro* Hoofe?

Heigh. Yes and to maister *Pisaro* Shoes too, if hee or they were here.

Frisco. Why my groute friend, *M. Pisaro* doth dwel here.

Heigh. Sirra, you lye, heere dwells no body but I, that haue dwelt here this one & forty yeares, and sold Glasses.

Walg. Lye farder, one and fifty at the least.

Frisco. Hoo, hoo, hoo; do you giue the Gentleman the ly?

Harn. I fir, and will giue you a lieke of my Cudgell, if yee stay long and trouble the whole streete with your bawling: hence doth, and goe seeke *M. Pisaro* House.

Frisco. Goe seeke *M. Pisaro* House;
Where shall I goe seeke it?

Heigh. Why, you shall goe seeke it where it is.

Frisco. That is here in *Croched-friers*.

Heigh. How Leger-head, is *Croched-friers* heere?
I thought you were some such drunken Assle,

That come to seeke *Croched-friers* in *Tower-streete*:

But get you along on your left hand, and be hang'd;

You haue kept me out of my Bedd with your bangling,

A good while longer then I would haue been.

Frisco. Ah, ah, How is this? Is not this *Croched-friers*?

Tell mee, Ile hold a Crowne they gaue me so much Wine
at the *Tauerne*, that I am druncke, and know not ont.

Harn. My *Dutchman*'s out his Compasse & his Card;
Hee's reckning what Winde hath droue him hither:
Ile sweare hee thinkes neuer to see *Pisaro*.

Frisco. Nay tis so, I am sure druncke: Soft let mee see,
what was I about? Oh now I haue it, I must goe to my
Maisters house and counterfeite the *Dutchman*, and get
my young Mistresse: well, and I must turne on my left
hand, for I haue forgot the way quite and cleane:

Fare de well, good frend, I am a simple *Dutchman* I.

Exit Frisco.

Heigh. Faire weather after you. And now my Laddes,
Haue

A Woman will have her will.

Haue I not plide my part as I should doe?

Harn. Twas well, twas well : But now let's cast about,
To set these Woodcocks farder from the House,
And afterwards returne vnto our Girles.

Wal. Content, content, come, come make haste. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alua.

Alua. I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plashe, I
can no tell waer, and fall doe I can no tell watt, turne by
the Pumpe ; I pumpelt faire.

Enter Delia.

Delia. Me aile, ende alle & can no come to Croche-friers.

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Oh miserable Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which
is the way to my Maisters house, I am a Red-herring, and
no honest Gentleman.

Alua. Who parlato daer?

Delia. Who be der? who alle der?

Frisco. How's this? For my life here are the Strangers:
Oh that I had the Dutchmans Hose, that I might creepe
into the Pockets ; they'le all three fall vpon me & beat me.

Alua. Who doe der ander?

Delia. Amis?

Frisco. Oh braue ; it's no body but M. Pharo and the
Frenchman going to our House, on my life : well, Ile haue
some sport with them, if the Watch hinder me not.

Who goes there?

Delia. Who parle der, in wat plashe, in wat street be you?

Frisco. Why sir, I can tell where I am, I am in Tower-
streets : Where a Diuell be you?

Delia. Io be here in Leds-hall.

Frisco. In Leaden-hall? I trow I shall meete with you a-
none: in Leaden-hall? What a simple Assle is this Frenchman.
Some more of this : Where are you sir?

Alua. Moy I be here in Vansbe-streets.

G.

Frisco.

English-men for my money: or,

Frisc. This is excellent yafayth, as fit as a Fiddle: I in *Tower-streete*, you in *Leaden-hall*, and the third in *Fanchurch-streete*; and yet all three heare one another, and all three speake together: either wee must be all three in *Leaden-hall*, or all three in *Tower-streete*, or all three in *Fanchurch-streete*; or all three Fooles.

Alua. Monsieur Gentle-home, can you well tesh de wey to *Crooked-friers*?

Frisc. How to *Crooked-friers*? I, I fir, passing well if you will follow mee. (tanks.

Delio. I dat me sal monsier Gentle-home, and giue you

Frisc. And monsiur *Pharo*, I shall lead you such a iant, that you shall scarce giue me thankses for. Come sirrs follow mee: now for a durtie Puddle, the pissing Condit, or a great Post, that might turne these two from Asses to Oxen by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

Alua. Whaer be de now signor?

Frisc. Euen where you will signor, for I know not: Soft I smell: Oh pure Nose.

Delio. VVat do you smell?

Frisc. I haue the scent of *London-stone* as full in my nose, as *Abchurch-lane* of mother *Walles* Pasties: Sirrs feele about, I smell *London-stone*.

Alua. Wat be dis?

Frisc. Soft let me see; feele I should say, for I cannot see: Oh lads pray for my life, for we are almost at *Crooked-friers*.

Delio. Dats good: but watt be dis Post?

Frisc. This Post; why tis the May-pole on *Inie-bridge* going to *Westminster*.

Delio. Ho *Wesmistere*, how come we to *Wesmistere*?

Frisc. Why on your Legges fooles, how should you goe? Soft, heere's an other: Oh now I know in deede where I am; wee are now at the fardest end of *Shoredich*, for this is the May-pole.

Delo. *Sordiche*, O dio, dere be some nautie tinge, some
Spirite

A Woman will haue her will.

Spirite do leade vs.

Frisco. You say true sir, for I am afeard your *French* spirit is vp so far alreedy, that you brought me this way, because you would finde a Charme for it at the Blew Bore in the Spittle: But soft, who comes heere?

Enter a Belman.

Bel. Maydes in your Smocks, looke wel to yout Lecks, Your Fier and your Light; and God giue you good night.

Delia. Monsieur Gentle-hame, I prey pake one, too, tree, fore, words vore vs to this oull man.

Frisco. Yes marry shall I sir. I pray honest Fellow, in what Streete be wee?

Bel. Ho *Frisco*, whither friske you at this time of night?

Delio. What, *Monsieur Frisco*?

Alua. Signor *Frisco*?

Frisco. The same, the same: Harke yee honestly, mes thinkes you might doe well to haue an *Az.* vnder your Girdle, considering how Signor *Pifre*, and this other Monsieur doe hold of mre.

Bell. Oh sir, I cry you mercie: pardon this fault, and Ile doe as much for you the next time.

Frisco. Well, passing ouer superfluicall talke, I pray what Street is this; for it is so darke, I know not where I am?

Bell. Why art thou druncke, Dost thou not know *Faulchurch-street*?

Frisco. I sir, a good Fellow may sometimes be ouerscene among Friends; I was drinking with my Maister and these Gentlemen, and therefore am maruaile though I be none of the wisest at this present: But I pray thee Good-man *Buttericke*, bring mee to my Maisters House.

Bel. Why I will, I will, puth that you are so strange now adayes: but it is an old said saw, Honers change Manners.

Frisco. Good-man *Buttericke* will you walke afore: Come honest Friends, will yee goe to our House?

Englishmen for my money: or,

Delio. Ouy monsieur *Frisco*.

Alan. Si signor *Frisco*.

Enter Vandello.

Vand. Oh de skellam *Frisco*, ic weitneit waerdat ic be,
ic goe and hit my nose op dit post, and ic goe and hit my
nose op danden post; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic
now? Haw laet syen is dut neit croshe vrier, ya seker so ist
and dit *M. Pisaro's* huis: Oh de good shaunce, well ic fall
now haue de Wenshe *Laurentia*, mestris *Laurentia*.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mahea, above.

Mari. Who's there, Maister *Harnie*?

Maeh. Maister *Walgrae*?

Laur. Maister *Heigham*?

Vand. Ya my Loue, here be mester *Heigham* your
groot frinde.

Mari. How, Maister *Heigham* my grot vrinde?

Out alas, here's one of the Strangers.

Lauren. Peace you Mammet, let's see which it is; wee
may chaunce teach him a strange tricke for his learning:
M. Heigham, what wind driues you to our house so late?

Vand. Oh my leif Mesken, de loue tolv be so groot, dat
het bring me out my bed voor you.

Maeh. Ha, ha, we know the Assle by his eares; it is the
Dutchman: what shall we doe with him?

Laur. Peace, let him not know, that you are heere: *M.*
Heigham, if you will stay awhile that I may se, if my Father
be a sleepe, and Ile make meanes we may come togeather

Vand. Dat sal ick my Loue. Is dit no well counterfett
I speake so like mester *Heigham* as tis possible.

Laur. Well, what shall we doe with this Lubber?
(Lover I should say.)

Maeh. What shall wee doe with him?
Why crowne him with a —

Mari. Fic Slutt: No, wele vse him clenlier; you know
we haue neuer a Signe at the dore, would not the iest prove
currant,

A Woman will haue her will.

currant, to make the *Dutchman* supply that want.

Laure. Nay, the foole wil cry out, & so wake my father.

Mat. Why, then wele cut the Rope & cast him downe.

Laure. And so iest out a hanging, let's rather draw him vp in the Basket, and so starue him to death this frosty night.

Mari. In sadnesse, well aduise: Sister, doe you holde him in talke, and weele prouide it whilst.

Laure. Goe to then. *M. Heigham*, oh sweete *M. Heigham*, doth my Father thinke that his vnkindnes can part you & poore *Laurentia*? No, no, I haue found a drift to bring you to my Chamber, if you haue but the heart to venter it.

Vand. Ventre, sal ick goe to de see, and be de see, and ore de see, and in de see voer my sweete Loue.

Laure. Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your companie, then so: for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

Vand. Sal ick climb vp tot you? sal ick fly vp tot you? sal ick, wat segdy?

Mat. Bid him doe it Sister, wee shall see his cunning.

Laure. Oh no, so you may catch a fal. There *M. Heigham*, Put your selfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you, for feare my Sister heare you.

Vand. No, no, no word: Oh de seete Wenshe, Ick come, Ick come.

Laure. Are you ready maister *Heigham*?

Vand. Ia ick my sount Lady.

Mari. Merily then my Wenches.

Laure. How heauie the Ass is: Maister *Heigham*, is there any in the Basket but your selfe?

Vand. Neit, neit, dare be no man.

Laure. Are you vp sir?

Vand. Neit, neit.

Mari. Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher: Sisters, the Woodcock's caught, the Foole is cag'd.

Vand. My sount Lady I be nuc neit vp, pul me tot v.

Mat. When can you tell; what maister *Vandalle*,

English-men for my money: or,

A wether beaten soldier an old wencher,
Thus to be ouer reach'd by three young Girles :
Ah sirra now wee le bragge with Mistres Moore,
To haue as fine a Parret as she hath,
Looke sisters what a pretty foole it is :
What a greene greasie shyning Coate he hath,
An Almonde for Parret, a Rope for Parret.

Vand. Doe you moc que me seger seger,
I sal seg your vader.

Laur. Doe and you dare, you see here is your fortune,
Disquiet not my father; if you doe,
He send you with a vengeance to the ground,
Well we must confesse we trouble you,
And ouer watching makes a wiseman madde,
Much more a foole, theres a Cushon for you.

Mar. To bore you through the nose,

Laur. To lay your head on.

Couch in your Kennell sleape and fall to rest;
And so good night for London maydes skorne still,
A *Dutch-man* should be scene to curbe their will.

Vand. Hort ye Daughter, hort ye gods seker kin? will
ye no let me come tot you? ick bid you let me come tot you
watt sal ick don, ick woud neit vor vn hundred pounce
Aluaro & Delion, should see me ope dit maner, well wat sal
ick don, ick mout neit cal: vor de Wenshes wil cut de rope
and breake my necke; ick sal here bleauen til de morning,
& dan ick sal cal to mester *Pisaro*, & make him shafe & strite
his dancters: Oh de skellum *Frisco*, Oh des cruell Hores.

Enter Pisaro.

Pisa. He put the Light out, least I be espied,
For closely I haue stolne me soorth a doores,
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue sped.
Now (afore God) my heart is pasing light,
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Englishmen*:

Ha,

A Woman will haue her will

Ha, ha, Maister Vandalle, many such nights
Will swage your bigg swolne bulke, and make it lancke:
When I was young, yet though my Haires be gray,
I haue a Young mans spirit to the death,
And can as nimbly trip it with a Girl,
As those which fold the spring-tide in their Beards:
Lord how the verie thought of former times,
Supples these neere dried limbes with actiuenesse:
Well, thoughts are shaddowes, sooner lost then scene,
Now to my Daughters, and their merrie night,
I hope *Aluaro* and his companie,
Haue read to them morrall *Philosophie*,
And they are full with it: Heere he stay,
And tarry till my gallant youths come forth.

Enter Harnie, Walgrane, and Heigham. (thou?

Heigh. You mad-man, wild-oats, mad-cap, where art
Walg. Heere afore.

Harn. Oh ware what loue is! *Ned* hath found the scent,
And if the Connie chaunce to misse her Burrough,
Shee's ouer-borne y fayth, she cannot stand it.

Pisa. I know that voyce, or I am much deceiued.

Heigh. Come, why loyter wee? this is the Dore:
But soft, heere's one asleepe.

Walg. Come, let mee feele:

Oh tis some Rogue or other; spurne him, spurne him.

Harn. Be not so wilfull, prethee let him lie. (house,

Heigh. Come backe, come backe, for wee are past the
Yonder's *Mathews* Chamber with the light.

Pisa. Well fare a head, or I had been discried.
Gods mee, what make the Youngsters heere so late?

I am a Rouge, and spurne him: well lacke sauce,
The Rogue is waking yet, to marre your sport.

Walg. Matt, Mistris *Mathew*, where be these Girls?

Enter

English-men for my money: or,

Enter Markea alone.

Marb. VVho's there below?

Wal. Thy Ned, kind Ned, thine honest trusty Ned.

Marb. No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his stead,
That Mounfieur metlicoate that can dissemble:
Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *France*,
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers side,
And therefore should be lustfull, wanton, light,
Yet goodman Goosecap, I will let you know,
That I haue so much *English* by the Mother,
That no bace flauering *French* shall make me stoope:
And so, fir *Dan-delion* fare you well.

Wal. What speechlesse, not a word: why how now Ned?

Har. The Wench hath tane him downe,
He hanges his head.

Wal. You *Dan-de-lion*, you that talke so well:
Harke you a word or two good Mistris *Mary*,
Did you appoynt your Friends to meste you heere,
And being come, tell vs of Whores in *France*,
A *Spanish* leppet, and an *English* Mare,
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch;
VVith *Tran-didd*, *Dil-dido*, and I know not what?
Heare you, if you'lle run away with Ned,
And be content to take me as you find me,
VVhy so law, I am yours: if otherwise,
Youle change your Ned, to be a *Frenchmans* Trull?
VVhy then, *Madame Delion*, *Je vous laissera a Dieu, et la*
bon fortune.

Marb. That voyce assures mee, that it is my Loue:
Say truly, Art thou my Ned? art thou my Loue?

Wal. Swounds who should I be but Ned?
You make me sweare.

Enter above Marina.

Mari. Who speake you to? *Markea* who's below?

Har. *Marina*.

Marb.

A Woman will have her will.

Mari. Young maister *Harry*? for that voyce saith so.

Enter Laurentia.

Alus. Speake sister *Mari*, is not my true *Loue* there?

Math. Needs.

Laur. Not maister *Heigham*.

Heigh. *Laurentia*, heere.

Laur. Yfayth thou'rt welcome.

Heigh. Better cannot Fall.

Math. Sweete, so art thou.

Mari. As much to mine.

Laur. Nay Gentles, welcome all.

Pisa. Here's cunning harlotries, they feed these off
With welcome, and kind words, whilst other *Lads*
Reuell in that delight they should possesse:
Good Girls, I promise you I like you well.

Mari. Say maister *Harry*, saw you, as you came,
That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man,
I meane that wanton base *Italian*,
That *Spannish* leather spruce companion,
That anticke Ape trickt vp in fashion,
Had the Ass come, I'd learne him, difference been
Betwixt an *English* Gentleman and him.

Heigh. How would you vse him (sweete):
If he should come?

Mari. Nay nothing (sweet) but only wash his crowne:
Why the Ass woos in such an amorous key,
That he presumes no Wench should say him nay:
Hee slayers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,
And sweares in fayth you shall, in fayth I will:
That I am almost madd to bide his woeing.

Heigh. Looke what he said in word, He act in doing.

Wal. Leave thought of him, for day steales on apace,
And to our *Loues*: Will you performe your words;
All things are ready, and the Parson stands,

H.

To

English-men for my money: or,

Enter Marbea alone.

Marb. VVho's there below?

Walg. Thy Ned, kind Ned, thine honest trusty Ned.

Marb. No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his stead,
That Mounſieur moticoate that can diſſemble:
Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *France*,
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers ſide,
And therefore ſhould be luſtfull, wanton, light,
Yet goodman Goofecap, I will let you know,
That I haue ſo much *Engliſh* by the Mother,
That no bace ſlaueing *French* ſhall make me ſtroope:
And ſo, fir *Dan-de-lion* fare you well.

Walg. What ſpeachleſſe, not a word: why how now Ned?

Har. The Wench hath tane him downe,
He hangs his head.

Walg. You *Dan-de-lion*, you that talke ſo well:
Harke you a word or two good Miſtris *Mary*,
Did you appoynt your Friends to meete you heere,
And being come, tell vs of Whores in *France*,
A *Spaniſh* lennet, and an *Engliſh* Mare,
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch,
VVith *Fran-didd*, *Dil-dido*, and I know not what?
Heare you, if you'lle run away with Ned,
And be content to take me as you find me,
VVhy ſo law, I am yours: if otherwiſe,
You'll change your Ned, to be a *Frenchman*. Trull?
VVhy then, *Madame Delon*, *Je vous laſſera a Die, et la*
bon fortune.

Marb. That voyce aſſures mee, that it is my Loue:
Say truly, Art thou my Ned? art thou my Loue?

Walg. Swounds who ſhould I be but Ned?
You make me ſweate.

Enter above Marina.

Mari. Who ſpeake you to? *Marbea* who's below?

Har. *Marina*.

Mari.

A Woman will have her will.

Mari. Young maister *Harry*? for that voyce saith so.

Enter Laurentia.

Alus. Speake sister *Mari*, is not my true Loue there?

Mari. Needs.

Laur. Not maister *Heigh*?

Heigh. *Laurentia*, heere.

Laur. Yfayth thou'rt welcome.

Heigh. Better cannot Fall.

Mari. Sweete, so art thou.

Mari. As much to mine.

Laur. Nay Gentles, welcome all.

Pisa. Here's cunning harlotries, they feed these off
With welcome, and kind words, whilst other Lads
Reuell in that delight they should possesse:
Good Girls, I promise you I like you well.

Mari. Say maister *Harry*, saw you, as you came,
That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man,
I meane that wanton base *Italian*,
That *Spannish* leather spruce companion:
That anticke Ape trickt vp in fashions
Had the Assc come, I'd learne him, difference been
Betwixt an *English* Gentleman and him.

Heigh. How would you vse him (sweete):
If he should come?

Mari. Nay nothing (sweete) but only wash his crowne:
Why the Assc woos in such an amorous key,
That he presumes no Wench should say him nay:
Hee slayers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,
And sweares in fayth you shall, in fayth I will:
That I am almost madd to bide his woring.

Heigh. Looke what he said in word, he act in doing.

Walg. Leauethought of him, for day steales on apace,
And to our Loues: Will you performe your words;
All things are ready, and the Parson stands,

H.

To

English-men for my money: or,

To ioyne as hearts in hearts, our hands in hands;
Night fauours vs, the thing is quickly done,
Then trusse vp bagg and Bagages, and be gone:
And ere the morninge, to augment your ioyes,
Weele make you mothers of fixe goodly Bayes.

Heigh. Promise them three good Noe, and say no more.

Walg. But Ile get three, and if I gette not foure.

Pisa. Theres a sound Carde at Maw, a lustie lad,
Your father thought him well, when one he had,

Heigh. What say you sweetes, will you performe your
wordes?

Matt. Loue to true loue, no lesser meede affordes?
Wee say we loue you, and that loues fayre breath
Shall lead vs with you round about the Earth:
And that our loues, vower, wordes, may all proue true,
Prepare your Armes, for thus we flie to you. *they Embrace.*

Walg. This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day,
If you two ply it but as well as I,
Weele worke our landes out of *Pisars* Daughters:
And cansell all our bondes in their great Bellies,
When the slaue knowes it, how the Roge will curse.

Matt. Sweete hart.

Walg. Matt.

Mathe. Where art thou.

Pisa. Here.

Mathe. Oh Iesus heres our father.

Walg. The Diuell he is.

Hars. Maister *Pisars*, twenty times God morrow.

Pisa. Good morrow! now I tell you Gentlemen,
You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,
What will you Rob me, Kill me, Cutte my Throte:
And set mine owne bloud here against me too,
You huswifes? Baggages? or what is worse,
Wilfull, stoubborne, disobedient:
Vse it not Gentlemen, abuse me not,

A Woman will have her will.

Newgate hath Rome, there's law enough in England;

Heigh. Be not so testie, heare what we can say.

Pisa. Will you be wiw'de? first learne to keepe a wife,
Learne to be thrifie, learne to keepe your Lands,
And learne to pay your debts to, I aduise, etc.

Wal. What else, what Lands, what Debts, what will
you doe?

Haue you not Land in Mortgage for your mony,
Nay since tis so, we owe you not a Penny,
Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe,
You take Tenn in the hundred more then Law,
We can complayne, extortion, simony,
Newgate hath Rome, there's Law enough in England.

Heigh. Prethe haue done.

Wal. Prethy me no Prethies.
Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, if thou darst,
Hearest thou, He lie with her before thy face,
Against the Crosse in Cheape, here, any where,
What you old craftie Fox you.

Heigh. Ned, stop there.

Pisa. Nay, nay speake out, beare witnesse Gentleman,
Whers *Mowche*, charge my Musket, bring me my Bill,
For here are some that meane to Rob thy maister.

Enter Anthony.

I am a Fox with you, well lack sawce,
Beware least for a Goose, I pray on you.

Exeunt Pisa and Daughters.

In baggages, *Mowche* make fast the doore.

Wal. A vengeance on ill lucke,

Anthe. What neuer storme,

But bridle anger with wise gouernment.

Heigh. Whom? *Anthony* our friend, Ah now our hopes,

Englishmen for my money: &c.

Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.

Antho. Tut nere say so, for *Anthony*
Is not deuoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.

Walgr. Swounds, what a diuell made he soorth so late
He lay my life twas hee that fainde to sleepe,
And we all vnsuspitious, tearmed a R. eage:
Oh God, had I but knowne him; if I had,
I would haue writt such Letters with my Sword
Vpon the bald skin of his parching pate,
That he should nere haue liude to crosse vs more.

Antho. These menaces are vaine, and helpeth naught:
But I haue in the deapth of my conceit
Found out a more materiall stratagem:
Harke Maister *Walgrane*, yours craues quicke dispatch,
About it straight, stay not to say farewell. *Exit Walgrane.*
You Maister *Heigham*, hie you to your Chamber,
And stirre not soorth, my shaddow, or my selfe,
Will in the morning early visit you;
Build on my promise sir, and good night. *Exit Heigham.*
Last, yet as great in loue, as to the first:
Yf you remember, once I told a iest,
How feigning to be sicke, a Friend of mine
Possess the happy issue of his Loue:
That counterfeited humor must you play;
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,
Vse maister *Browne* your Host, as chiefe in this:
But first, to make the matter seeme more true,
Sickly and sadly bid the churle good night;
I heare him at the Window, there he is.

Enter Pisaro alone.

Now for a tricke to ouerreach the Diuell,
I tell you sir, you wrong my maister much,
And then to make amends, you giue hard words:
H'ath been a friend to you; nay more, a Father:
I promise you, tis most vngently done.

Pis.

A Woman will have her will.

Pisa. I, well said *Marina*, now I see thy love;
And thou shalt see mine, one day if I live.
None but my Daughters shal hang as for your tooth:
I'de rather see them hang'd first, & you get them.

Harc. Maister *Pisa*, heare a dead man speake,
Who sings the wofull accents of his end.
I doe confesse I loue, then let not loue
Prone the sad engine of my lines remooue:

Marina's rich Possession was my blisse?
Then in her losse, all ioy eclipsed is:

As euerie Plant takes vertue of the Sunne,
So from her Eyes, this life and being sprung:

But now debar'd of those cleare shyning Rayes,
Death for Earth gapes, and Earth to Death obeyes:

Each word thou speakst, (oh speake not so againe)
Bore Deaths true image on the Word ingrauen:

Which as it flue mixt with Heauens ayetie breath,
Summond the dreadfull Sessions of my death:

I leaue thee to thy wish, and may th'euent
Prooue equall to thy hope and hearts content.

Marina to that hap, that happiest is,
My Body to the Graue, my Soule to blisse.

Haue I done well? *Exit Harc.*

Antho. Excellent well in troth.

Pisa. I, goe, I, goe: your words moue me as much,
As doth a Stone being cast against the ayre.

But soft, What Light is that? What Folkes be those? Oh tis
Aluaro & his other Friends, Ile downe & let them in. *Exit.*

Enter Belman, Frisco, Vandalle, Dolion, & Aluaro.

Frisco. Where are we now gaffer *Buttericks*? *(With Bell.)*

Bell. Why know you not *Crooked-friers*, where be your

Aluaro. Wat be tis *Croch-viers*? *vidite padre dare*, tacke
you dat, me sal trouble you no farre.

Bell. I thanke you Gentlemen, good night:
Good night *Frisco.* *Exit Belman.*

Frisco.

English man for my money.

Frisco. Facewell *Mendall*, where's *Clowdell*?
Come on my maisters merrily, Hee knocks at the doore.

Anthe. Who's there, our three wife Women,
Blockhead our man I had he not been,
They might haue changed them selves,
For any Wenches they had bin vpon
Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether.

Delio. Monsieur de *Mendobe*, what makes you out de
Houis so late?

Enter Pifa.

Pifa. What, what, young men & sluggardes fy for shame
You trifle time at home about vaine toyces,
Whilst others in the meane time, steale your Brides:
I tell you sir, the *English* Gentlemen
Had wel-my mated you, and mee, and all;
The Doores were open, and the Gifles abroad,
Their Sweet-hearts ready to receiue them to:
And gone forsooth they had been, had not I
(I thinke by reuelation) stopt their flight:
But I haue coopt them vp, and so will keepe them,
But sirra *Frisco*, where's the man I sent for?
VWhose Cloake haue you got there?
How now, where's *Vandalle*?

Frisco. For-sooth he is not heere:
Maister *Mendall* you meane, doe you not?

Pifa. VWhy lozeth hee, him I sent for, where is he?
VWhere hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time?
Did I not send thee to my Sonne *Vandalle*?

Frisco. I *M. Mendall*, why forsooth I was at his Cham-
ber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very
hot, and bade me carry his Cloake, and I no sooner had it,
but he (being very light) sirkes me downe on the left hand,
and I turnd downe on the left hand, and so lost him.

Pifa. VWhy then you turnd together, Affe.

Frisco. No sir, we neuer saw one another since.

Pifa.

Pisa. VVhy, turnd you not both on the left hand? on the

Fris. No far-foush we turnd both on the left hand.

Pisa. Hoyda, why yet you went both together?

Fris. Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another.

Pisa. VVhy Dolt, why Patch, why Ass? On which hand thrud ye?

Fris. Alas, alas, I cannot tell for both, it was so darke I could not see, on which hand we turnd: But I am sure we turnd one way.

Pisa. VVas euer creature plagud with such a Dolt? My Sonne *Vandalle* now hath lost himselfe, And shall all night goe straying bout the Towne, Or meete with some strange Watch that knoweth him not, And all by such an arrant Ass as this.

Ans. No, no, you may soon smell the *Datchman* out long. Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder?

Pisa. VVhere?

Fris. Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoe.

Pisa. Deace ye Villaine, and let's see who's there? Goe looke about the House, where are our weapons? VVhat might this meane?

Fris. Looke, looke, looke, there's one in it, he peeps out: Is there nere a Stone here to hurle at his Nose.

Pisa. VVhat, wouldst thou breake my VVindower with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you first?

Fris. Looke, he peepes out againe: Oh it's *M. Mendall*, it's *M. Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

Pisa. What, my Sonne *Vandalle*, how comes this to passe?

Alva. Signor *Vandalle*, wat do ye goe to de wenshe in de Basket?

Vand. Oh *Vadere*, *Vadere*, here be sush cruell Dochterkens, ick ben also wery, also wery, also cold; for be in dis little Basket: Ic prey helpe denc.

Fris. He lookes like the signe of the Mouth without Bishops gate, gaping, and a great Face, and a great Head, and

Englishmen for my money

and no Body

Pisa. Why how now Sonne, what haue your Admitts
Drawne you vp so farre, and there left you hanging
Twixt Heauen and Earthlike *Abraham's Sepulchre*?

Antho. They did vnkindly, who so euer they were,
That plag'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell,
To reach his Lippes like the desired Fruite,
And then to snatch it from his gaping Chappes.

Alas. A little farder signor *Vandalle*, and dan you may
put v he into de windo and cast de Wensh.

Vand. Ick prey *Vader* dat you helpe de mee, Ick prey.
Goddie Vader

Pisa. Helpe you, but how?

Fris. Cut the Rope.

Antho. Sir, he got in and see,
And if I can, I let him downe to you.

Pisa. Doe gentle *Mouche*: Why but here's a iest;
They say, high climers haue the greatest falles:
If you should fall, as how youle doe I knowe not.
Birlady I should doubt me of my Sonne's
Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Matched*?

Enter Anthony above

Antho. Yes sir, now you may chuse, whether youle stay
till I let him downe, or whether I shall cut him downe?

Fris. Cut him downe, maister *Mouche*, cut him downe
And let's see, how hele tumble.

Pisa. Why sauce; who ask'd your counsaile:
Let him downe.

What, with a Cushion too: why you provided
To lead your life as did *Diogenes*,
And for a Tubb, to creepe into a Basket.

Vand. Ick sall seg v *Vader*, Ick quame here to your
Huise and spreak to de Dochterken.

Fris. Mi *Mendall*, you are welcome out of the Basket:
I smell a Rat, it was not for nothing, that you lost me.

Vand.

A Woman will have her will.

Van. Oh skellum, you run away from me.

Pisa. I thought so firra, you gaue him the slip.

Fris. Faw, no for-sooth, Ile tell you how it was: when we come from Bucklers-Burie into Corn-Wale, and I had taken the Cloake, then you should haue turned downe on your left hand and so haue gone right forward, and so turned vp againe, and so haue crost the streete, and you like an Ass.

Pisa. Why how now Rascall, is your manner such? You asse, you Dolt, why led you him through Corn-Hill, Your way had been to come through Canning Street.

Fris. Why so I did fir.

Pisa. Why thou seest yce were in Corn-Hill.

Fris. Indeed fir there was three faults, the Night was darke, Maister Mendall drunke, and I sleepey, that we could not tell very well, which way we went.

Pisa. Sirra Towe for this a Cudgelling.
But Gentlemen, sith things haue faulne out so,
And for I see Vandalle quakes for cold,
This night accept your Lodgings in my house,
And in the morning forward with your marriage,
Come on my sonnes, sirra fetch vp more wood.

Exeunt.

Enter the three Sisters.

Laur. Nay neuer weepe Marina for the matter,
Teares are but signes of sorrow, helping not.

Mari. Would it not madde one to be crost wth I,
Being in the very light of my desire?
The strangers frustrate all: our true loue's come,
Nay more, euen at the doore, and Harries armes
Spred as a Rayne-bow ready to receiue me,
And then my Father meete vs: Oh God, oh God.

Math. Weepe who that list for me, y^e sayth not I,
Though I am youngest yet my stomack's great:
Nor tis not father, friends, nor any one,
Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue.

L

Ile.

English-men for my money; or,

He haue my will yn fayth, y'fayth I will.

Laur. Let vs determine Sisters what to doe,
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning,
And therefore something must be thought vpon.

Mari. Weele to our father and so know his minde,
I and his reason too, we are no fooles,
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.

Laur. Agreede, agreede: but who shall speake for all?

Math. I will.

Mari. No I.

Laur. Thou wilt not speake for crying.

Mari. Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,
Bee I but mou'de a little, I shall speake,
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

Enter Anthony.

All. Whom *Anthony* our friend, our Schoole-maister?
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.

Antho. What is your hastie running chang'd to prayer,
Say, where were you going?

Laur. Euen to our father,
To know what he intendes to doe with vs.

Antho. Tis bootlesse trust mee, for he is resolu'd
To marry you to.

Mari. The Strangers.

Antho. Yfayth he is.

Math. Yfayth he shall not.

Frenchman, be sure weele plucke a Crow together,
Before you force mee giue my hand at Church.

Mari. Come to our Father speach this comfort finds,
That we may scould out grieft, and ease our mindes.

Anth. Stay, Stay *Marina*, and aduise you better,
It is not Force, but Pollicie must serue:
The Dores are lockt, your Father keeps the Keye,
Wherefore vnpossible to scape away:
Yet haue I plotted, and deuiz'd a drift,

A Woman will haue her will.

To frustrate your intended mariages,
And giue you full possession of your ioyes:

Laurentia, ere the mornings light appeare,
You must play *Anthony* in my disguise.

Math. } *Anthony*, what of vs? What shall we weare?

Mari. }

Anth. Soft, soft, you are too forward *Girles*, I sweare,
For you some other drift deuisd must bee?
One shadow for a substance: this is shee.
Nay weeps not sweetes repose vpon my care,
For all alike, or good or bad shall share:
You will haue *Harnie*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned*,
You shall haue all your wish, or be I dead:
For sooner may one day the Sea lie still,
Then once restraine a Woman of her will.

All. Sweete *Anthony*, how shall we quit thy hire?

Anth. Not gifts, but your contentments I desire:
To helpe my COUNTRYMEN I cast about,
For Strangers loues blase fresh, but soone burne out:
Sweetere rest dwell heere, and frightfull feare obiure,
These eyes shall wake to make your rest secure:
For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,
Each one shall fould her Husband in her armes:
Which if it chaunce, we may auouch it still,
Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pisa and Frisco.

Pisa. Are Wood & Coales brought vp to make a fire?
Is the Meate spitted ready to lie downe:
For Bakemeates Ile haue none, the world's too hard:
There's Geese too, now I remember mee,
Bid *Mardian* lay the Giblets in Past,
Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.
Stay *Frisco*, see who rings: looke to the Dore,
Let none come in I charge, were he my Father,
He keepe them whilst I haue them: *Frisco*, who is it?

Frisco. She is come ynfayth.

English-men for my money: or,

Pisa. Who is come?

Fris. *Mistris Susaunce*, *Mistris Moores* daughter.

Pisa. *Mistris Susan*, *Affe*? Oh she must come in.

Fris. Hang him, if he keepe out a Wench:

Yf the Wench keepe not out him, so it is.

Enter Walgraue in Womens attire.

Pisa. Welcome *Mistris Susan*, welcome;
I little thought you would haue come to night;
But welcome (trust me) are you to my house:
What, doth your Mother mende? doth she recouer?
I promise you I am sorry for her sicknesse.

Wal. She's better then she was, I thanke God for it,

Pisa. Now afore God she is a sweete smugge Girle,
One might doe good on her; the flesh is frayle,
Man hath infirmitie, and such a Bride,
Were able to change Age to hot desire:
Harke you Sweet-heart,

To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.

Wal. If sir youle giue me leaue, Ile waight on them.

Pisa. Yes marry shall you, and a thousand thankes,
Such company as you my Daughters want,
Maydes must grace Maydes, when they are married:
Is't not a merry life (thinkest thou) to wed,
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.

Wal. I know not what you meane sir.

Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.

Pisa. You may doe, if youle follow mine aduice;
I tell thee Mouse, I knew a Wench as nice:
Well, shee's at rest poore soule, I meane my Wife,
That thought (alas good heart) Love was a toy,
Vntill (well, that time is gon and pass away)
But why speake I of this: Harke yee Sweeting,
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can shew;

And

A Woman will haue her will.

And now (birlady) you are ripe in yeares :
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw;

Walg. Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,
I'de breake his Costard.

Pisa. Young men are slippery, fickle, wauering,
Constant abiding graceth none but Age :
Then Maydes should now waxe wise, and doe so,
As to chuse constant men, let fickle goe,
Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured:
An auncient Man doth make a Maydea Matron:
And is not that an Honour, how say you? how say you?

Walg. Yes forsooth.

(Oh old lust will you neuer let me goe.)

Pisa. You say right well, and doe but thinke thereon,
How Husbands, honored yeares, long card-for wealth,
Wise stayednesse, Experienc gouernment,
Doth grace the Mayde, that thus is made a Wife,
And you will wish your selfe such, on my life.

Walg. I thinke I must turne womankind altogether,
And scratch out his eyes :
For as long as he can see me, hele nere let me goe.

Pisa. But goe (sweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,
The latenesse now, makes all our talke seeme long.

Enter Anthony.

How now *Mowche*, be the Girles abed?

Anth. *Mathea* (and it like you) faine would sleepe,
but onely tarrieth for her bed-fellow.

Pisa. Ha, you say well: come, light her to her Chamber,
Good rest wish I to thee, wish so to mee,
Then *Susan* and *Pisaro* shall agree:
Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,
Such may be yours; take counsaile of your Pillow:
To morrow wee le talke more; and so good night,
Thinke what is sayd, may bee, if all hit right.

English-men for my money: or,

Walg. What, haue I past the Pikes: knowes he not *Nat.*
I thinke I haue deseru'd his Daughters bed.

Ans. Tis well, tis well: but this let me request,
You keepe vnknowne, till you be laide to rest:
And then a good hand speed you.

Walg. Tut, nere feare mee,
We two abed shall neuer disagree. *Exeunt Ansb. & Walg.*

Frisc. I haue stood still all this while, and could not
speake for laughing: Lord what a Dialogue hath there bin
betweene Age and Youth. You do good on her? euen as
much as my *Dutchman* will doe on my young Mistris:
Maister, follow my counsaile; then send for M. *Heigham*
to helpe him, for Ile lay my Cappeto two Pence, that hee
will be asleepe to morrow at night, when he should goe to
bed to her: Marry for the *Italian*, he is of an other humor,
for there le be no dealings with him, till midnight; for hee
must flauer all the Wenches in the house at parting, or he is
no body: hee hath been but a litle while at our House, yet
in that small time, hee hath lickt more Grease from our
*Mawdlin*s lippes, then would haue seru'd *London* Kitchin-
stufte this twelue month. Yet for my money, well fare the
Frenchman, Oh hee is a forward Lad, for heele no sooner
come from the Church, but heele fly to the Chamber; why
heele read his Lesson so often in the day time, that at night
like an apt Scholler, heele be ready to sell his old Booke to
buye him a new. Oh the generation of Languages that
our House will bring forth: why euery Bedd will haue a
propper speach to himselfe, and haue the Founders name
written vpon it in faire Cappitall letters, *Heere lay*, and so
forth.

Pisa. Youle be a villaine still: Looke who's at dore?

Frisc. Nay by the Masse, you are M. Porter, for Ile be
hang'd if you loose that office, hauing so pretty a morsell
vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle) for the best Nose
at smelling out a Pin-fold, that I know: well, take heede,
you may happes picke vp Wormes so long, that at length

some

A Woman will haue her will.

some of them get into your Nose, and neuer out after: But what an Assc am I to thinke so, considering all the Lodgings are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a strange Worme to breed in.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. The day is broke; *Mathea* and young *Ned*, By this time, are so surely linckt together, That none in *London* can forbid the Banes.

Laurentia she is neere provided for: So that if *Harnies* pollicie but hold, Elce-where the Strangers may goe seeke them Wiues: But heere they come.

Enter Pisa and Browne.

Pisa. Six a clocke say you; trust mee, forward dayes: Harke you *Mowbe*, hie you to Church, Bid *M. Bowford* be in readinesse: Where goe you, that way?

Anth. For my Cloake, sir.

Pisa. Oh tis well: and *M. Browne*, Trust mee, your earely stirring makes me muse, Is it to mee your busiessle?

Browne. Euen to your selfe: I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

Pisa. And welcome newes, More welcome makes the bringer: Speake, speake, good *M. Browne*, I long to heare them.

Brow. Then this it is. Young *Harnie* late last night, Full weake and sickly came vnto his lodging, From whence this suddaine mallady proceedes: Tis all vncertaine, the Doctors and his Friends Affirme his health is vnreouerable: Young *Heigham* and *Ned Walgrane* lately left him, And I came hither to informe you of it.

Pisa. Young *M. Harnie* sicke; now afore God The newes bites neere the Bone: for should he die, His Liuing morgaged would be redeemed,

For

English-men for my money: or,

For not these three months doth the Bond beare date;
Die now, marry God in heaven defend it;
Oh my sweete Lands, loose thee, nay loose my life:
And which is worst, I dare not aske mine owne,
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,
When the Law giues but ten: But should he liue,
Hee carelesse would haue left the debt vnpaide,
Then had the Lands been mine *Pisaros* owne,
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne Possession.

Brow. Nay heare mee out.

Pisa. You'r out too much already,
Vnlesse you giue him life, and mee his Land.

Brow. Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,
I know not certaine; but the Gentleman
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,
Vnto your beautious Daughter faire *Marina*.

Pisa. Ha, say that word againe, say it againe,
A good thing cannot be too often spoken:
Marina say you, are you sure twas shee,
Or *Mary*, *Margery*, or some other Mayde?

Brow. To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*,
And for the gift might be more forcible,
Your neighbour maister *Moore* aduised vs,
(Who is a witnesse of young *Harnies* Will)
Sicke as hee is, to bring him to your house:
I know they are not farre, but doe attende,
That they may know, what welcome they shall haue.

Pisa. What welcome sir, as welcome as new life
Giuen to the poore condemned Prisoner:
Returne (good maister *Browne*) assure their welcome,
Say it, nay sweare it; for they'r welcome truly:
For welcome are they to mee which bring Gold:
See downe who knockes; it may be there they are:
Frisco, call downe my Sonnes, bid the Girles rise:
Where's *Morche*; what, is he gon or no?

Enter

A Woman will haue her will.

Enter Laurentia in Anthonies attire.

Oh heare you sirra, bring along with you
Maister Balsaro the Spanish Marchant.

Laure. Many Balsaros I; Ile to my Loue:
And thanks to *Anthony* for this escape.

Pisa. Stay, take vs with you. Harke, they knocke againe,
Come my soules comfort, thou good newes bringer,
I must needes hugge thee euen for pure affection.

*Enter Harnie brought in a Chaire, Moore, Browne,
Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, and Frisco.*

Pisa. Lift softly (good my friends) for hurting him.
Looke chearely sir, you'r welcome to my house.

Harke M. *Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,
Seeme to be sad as griewing for his sicknesse;

But inwardly reioyce. Maister *Vandalle*,

Signor *Aluaro*, Monsieur *Delion*,

Bid my Friend welcome, pray bid him welcome:

Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)

You shall recouer and doe well enough:

(Yf I should thinke so, I should hange my selfe.)

Frisco, goe bid *Marina* come to mee.

Exit Frisco.

You are a Witnesse sir, of this mans Will:

What thinke you M. *Moore*, what say you to't?

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, follow mine aduice:

You see the Gentleman cannot escape,

Then let him straight be wedded to your Daughter;

So during life time, she shall hold his Land,

When now (becing nor kith nor kin to him)

For all the deed of Gift, that he hath seald,

His younger Brother will inioy the Land.

Pisa. Marry my Daughter: no birlady.

Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counsaile mee,

Seeing young M. *Harnie* is so sicke,

K.

To.

English-men for my money: or,

To marry him incontinent to my Daughter.
Or else the gift he hath bestowde, is vaine:
Marry and hee recouer; no my Sonne,
I will not loose thy loue, for all his Land.

Alua. Here you padre, do no lose his Lands, his hundred pont *per anno*, tis wort to hauer; let him haue de *ma-tresse Marina* in de mariage, tis but vor me to attendre vne day more: if he will no die, I sal giue him sush a Drinke, sush a Potion sal mak him giue de *Bonos noches* to all de world.

Pisa. *Aluaro*, here's my Keyes, take all I haue,
My Money, Plate, Wealth, Iewels, Daughter too:
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,
worthy to be *Aluaro's* bedfellow:
Oh how I doe admire and prayse thy wit,
Ile straight about it: Heare you Maister *Moore*.

Enter Marina and Frisco.

Frisco. Nay sayth hee's sicke, therefore though hee be come, yet he can doe you no good; there's no remedy but euen to put your selfe into the hands of the *Italian*, that by that time that he hath past his growth, young *Harnie* will be in case to come vpon it with a fise of fresh force.

Mari. Is my Loue come, & sicke? I, now thou louest me,
How my heart ioyes: Oh God, get I my will,
Ile driue away that Sicknesse with a kisse:
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy.

Pisa. It shall be so; come hither Daughter.
Maister *Harnie*, that you may see my loue
Comes from a single heart vnfaynedly,
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne:
Nay looke not strange, before these Gentlemen,
I freely yeeld *Marina* for thy Wife.

Harn. Stay, stay good sir, forbear this idle worke,
My soule, is labouring for a higher place,

Then

A Woman will haue her will.

Then this vaine transitorie world can yeeld :
What, would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?
For this is but Deaths modell in mans shape:

You and *Aluaro* happie liue together :
Happy were I, to see you liue together.

Pisa. Come sir, I trust you shall doe well againe:
Heere, heere, it must be so; God giue you ioy,
And blesse you (not a day to liue together.)

Vand. Hort ye broder, will ye let den ander heb your
Wiue? nempt haer, nempt haer your selue?

Alua. No, no; tush you be de foole, here be dat sal spoyle
de marriage of hem: you haue deceue me of de fine Wensh
signor *Harney*, but I sal decene you of de muth Land.

Harn. Are all things sure Father, is all dispatch'd?

Pisa. What intrest we haue, we yeeld it you :
Are you now satisfied, or restes there ought?

Harn. Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thanks:
Thanks to your selfe first, that disdayning mee,
Yet loude my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife.

But next, vnto *Aluaro* let me turne,
To courtious gentle louing kind *Aluaro*,
That rather then to see me die for loue,
For very loue, would loose his beawtious Loue.

Vand. Ha, ha, ha.

Del. Signor *Aluaro*, giue him de ting quickly sal make
hem dy, autremant you sal lose de fine Wensh.

Alua. *Oyime che hauesse allhora appressata la mano al mio
core, ô suen curato ate, I che longo sei tu arriuato, ô cieli, ô terra.*

Pisa. Am I awake? or doe deluding Dreames
Make that seeme true, which most my soule did feare?

Harn. Nay sayth Father, it's very certaine true,
I am as well as any man on earth:

Am I sicke sirres? Looke here, is *Harnie* sicke?

Pisa. What shall I doe? What shall I say?
Did not you counsaile mee to wed my Childe?

English-men for my money: or,

What Potion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

Haru. I hope more happy Starres will reigne to day,
And *don Alvaro* haue more company.

Enter Anthonie.

Antho. Now *Anthony*, this cottens as it should,
And euery thing sorts to his wish'd effect:

Haruie ioyes *Moll*: my *Dutchman* and the *French*,
Thinking all sure, laughs at *Alvaros* hap;
But quickly I shall marre that merrie vaine,
And make your Fortunes equall with your Friends.

Pisa. Sirra *Momche*, what answer brought you backe?
Will maister *Balsaro* come, as I requested?

Anth. Maister *Balsaro*, I know not who you meane.

Pisa. Know you not *Assc*, did I not send thee for him?
Did not I bid thee bring him, with the Parson?
What answer made hee, will hee come or no?

Anth. Sent me for him: why sir, you sent not mee,
I neither went for him, nor for the Parson:
I am glad to see your Worship is so merrie.

Knocke.

Pisa. Hence you forgetfull dolt:
Looke downe who knockes?

Exit Antho.

Enter Frisco.

Fris. Oh Maister, hange your selfe: nay neuer stay for
a Sessions: Maister *Vandalle* confesse your selfe, desire the
people to pray for you; for your Bride shee is gone: *Laurentia*
is run away.

Vanda. Oh de Diabolo, de mal-fortune: is matresse
Laurentia gaen awech?

Pisa. First tell mee that I am a liuelesse coarfe;
Tell mee of Doomes-day, tell mee what you will,
Before you say *Laurentia* is gone.

Mari. Maister *Vandalle*, how doe you feele your selfe?
What, hang the head? fie man for shame I say,
Looke not so heauie on your marriage day.

Haru.

A Woman will haue her will.

Haru. Oh blame him not, his griefe is quickly spide,
That is a Bridegroom, and yet wants his Bride.

Enter Heigham, Laurentia, Balsaro, & Anthony.

Bals. Maister *Pisaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all:
According sir, as you requested mee,
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,
Where as *Laurentia* now was married:
And sir, I did expect your comming thither;
Yet in your absence, wee perform'd the rites:
Therefore I pray sir, bid God giue them ioy.

Heigh. He tels you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife;
Who knowing that her Sisters must be wed,
Presuming also, that you'le bid her welcome,
Are come to beare them company to Church.

Haru. You come too late, the Mariage rites are done:
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feast.
How say you sirs, did not I tell you true,
These Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

Laur. I cannot say for these; but on my life,
This loues a Cushion better then a Wife.

Mall. And reason too, that Cushion fell out right,
Else hard had been his lodging all last night.

Bals. Maister *Pisaro*, why stand you speechlesse thus?

Pisa. Anger, and extreame griefe enforceth mee.
Pray sir, who bade you meete mee at the Tower?

Bals. Who sir; your man sir, *Monche*, here he is.

Anth. Who I sir, meane you mee? you are a iesting man.

Pisa. Thou art a Villaine, a dissembling Wretch,
Worser then *Anthony* whom I kept last:

Fetch me an Officer, Ile hamper you,
And make you sing at *Bride-well* for this tricke:

For well he hath deserude it, that would sweare
He went not forth a doore at my appoyntment.

Anth. So sweare I still, I went not forth to day.

English-men for my money: or,

Bulf. Why arrant lyer, wert thou not with mee?

Pisa. How say you maister *Browne*, went he not foorth?

Brow. Hee, or his likenesse did, I know not whether.

Pisa. What likenesse can there be besides himselfe?

Laur. My selfe (forsooth) that tooke his shape vpon me,
I was that *Mowche* that you sent from home:

And that same *Mowche* that deceiued you,

Effected to possesse this Gentleman:

Which to attaine, I thus be guil'd you all.

Pisa. This is excellent, this is as fine as a Fiddle: you
M. Heigham got the Wench in *Mowches* apparell; now let
Mowche put on her apparell, and be married to the *Dutch-*
man: How thinke you, is it not a good vize?

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, shake off melancholy,
When thinges are helpelesse, patience must be vs'd.

Pisa. Talk of Patience? He not beare these wronges:
Goe call downe *Matt*, and mistris *Susan Moore*,
Tis well that of all three, wee haue one sure.

Moor. Mistris *Susan Moore*, who doe you meane sir?

Pisa. Whom should I meane sir, but your Daughter?

Moor. You'r very pleasant sir: but tell me this,
When did you see her, that you speake of her?

Pisa. I, late yester-night, when she came heere to bed.

Moor. You are deceiu'd, my Daughter lay not heere,
But watch'd with her sicke mother all last night.

Pisa. I am glad you are so pleasant *M. Moore*,
You'r loth that *Susan* should be held a sluggard:
What man, it was late before she went to bed,
And therefore time enough to rise againe.

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, doe you floute your friends;
I well perceiue if I had troubled you,
I should haue had it in my dish ere now:
Susan lie heere? 'am sure when I came foorth,
I left her fast asleepe in bed at home;
Tis more then neighbour-hood to vse me thus.

Pisa.

A Woman will haue her will.

Pisa. Abed at your house? tell me I am madd,
Did not I let her in adores my selfe,
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canuast with her,
And yet she lay not heere? What say you sirra?

Antho. She did, she did, I brought her to her Chamber.

Moor. I say he lyes (that sayth so) in his throat.

Antho. Masse now I remember me, I lye indeed.

Pisa. Oh how this frets mee: *Frisco*, what say you?

Frisco. What say I? Marry I say, if shee lay not heere,
there was a familiar in her likenesse, for I am sure my Mai-
ster and she were so familiar together, that he had almost
shot the Gout out of his Toes endes, to make the Wench
belecue he had one trick of youth in him. Yet now I re-
member mee shee did not lye heere, and the reason is, be-
cause shee doth lye heere, and is now abed with mistris
Mathea; witnesse whereof, I haue set to my Hand & Seale,
and meane presently to fetch her. *Exit Frisco.*

Pisa. Doe so *Frisco*. Gentlemen and Friends,
Now shall you see how I am wrong'd by him.
Lay shee not heere? I thinke the world's growne wise,
Plaine folkes (as I) shall not know how to liue.

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Shee comes, shee comes: a Hall, a Hall.

Enter Mathea, and Walgrane in Womans attire.

Walg. Nay blush not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen:
Nay stare not, looke you heere, no monster I,
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere stands *Matt* my Wife.
Know you her *Frenchman*? But she knowes me better.
Father, pray Father, let mee haue your blessing,
For I haue blest you with a goodly Sonne;
Tis breeding heere yfayth, a iolly Boy.

Pisa. I am vndone, a reprobate, a slaue;
A scorne, a laughter, and a iesting stocke:
Giue mee my Child, giue mee my Daughter from you.

Moore.

English-men for my money: or,

Alow. Maister Pise, tis in vaine to fret,
And fume, and storme, it little now auayles:
These Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,
Outstript you in your subtile enterprises:
And therefore, being they are well defended,
Turne hate to love, and let them haue their Lones,

Pisa. Is it thus for? why then I for that still
Doe what we can, Women will haue their Will,
Gentlemen, you haue outcatcht me now,
Which nere before you any yet could doe:
You, that I thought should be my Sonnes indeed,
Must be content, since there's no hope to speed:
Others haue got, what you did thinke to gaine,
And yet beleeue mee, they haue tooke some paine.
Well, take them, there, and with them, God giue ioy.
And Gentlemen, I doe intreat to morrow,
That you will Feaste with mee, for all this sorrowe,
Though you are wedded, yet the Feast's not madet:
Come let vs in, for all the stormes are past,
And kespes of ioy will follow on as fast.

FINIS

